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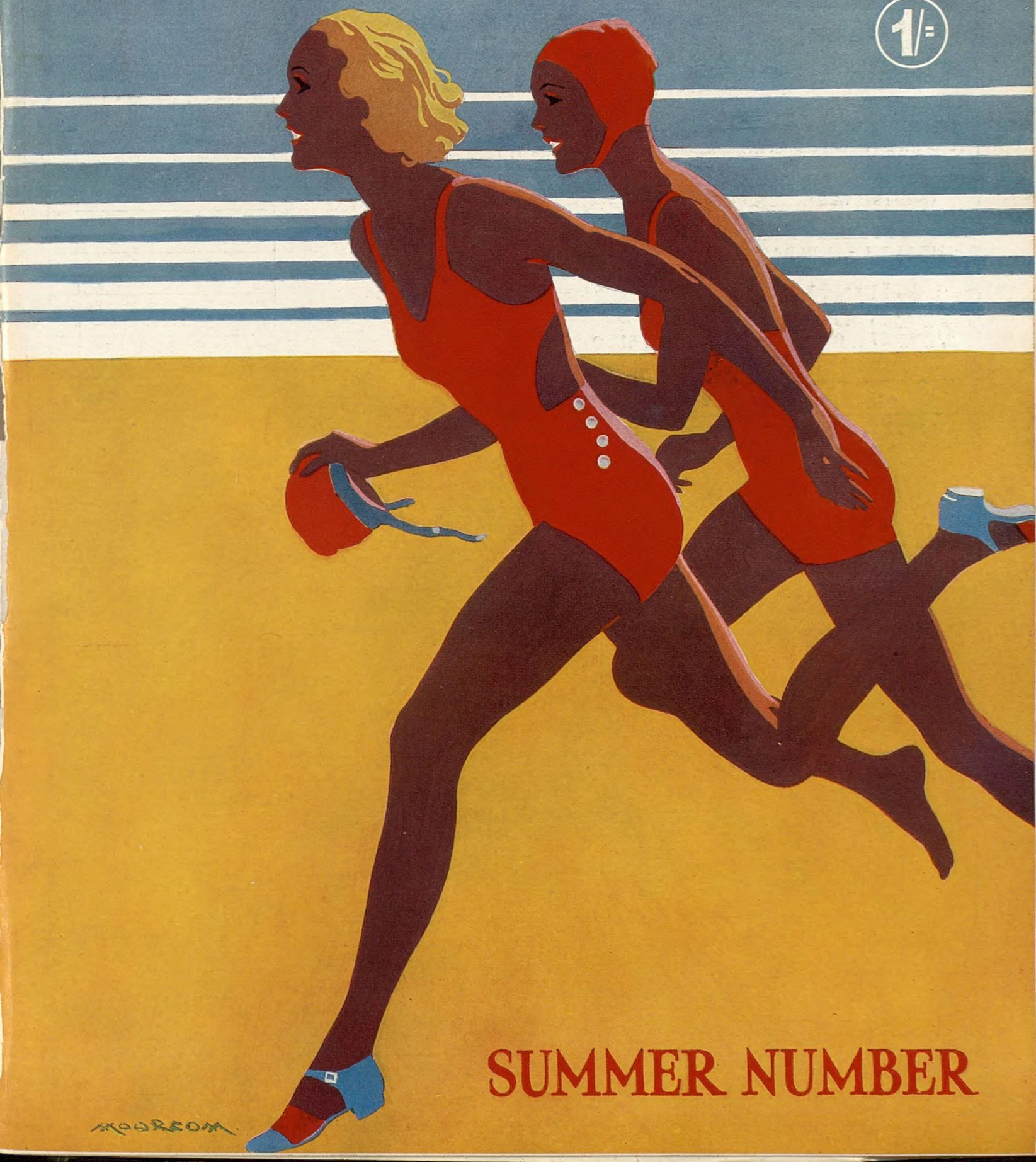

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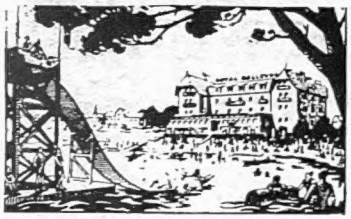

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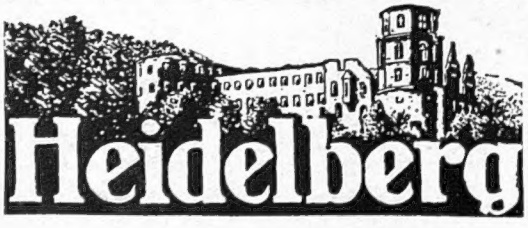

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On your way along the Rhine.

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FRANCE.

Paris.—Champs-Elysées—Hotel de Delft.—30 Rue Montaigne. Good Brit. fam. Hotel. Quiet, comf., gd. cuis. Full board fm. 40 Frs.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—Hotel Miramar.—
300 rooms all with bath.
The leading Hotel of the Riviera.

Dinard (I. & V.)—Hotel Chateaubriand.—Famous for its excellent cuisine. H. & C. running water all rooms. M. Cloué, Prop.

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Le Touquet. — Hotel Armenonville. — In forest. Nr. Casino. Large park. Priv. bus to Golf and Sea. Fr. 65 incl. Entirely renewed.

Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st cl. Hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. Rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

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Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel Adelphi. Rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

Versailles.—"Le Home Versaillais," 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furn'd flats, 1st class installation. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden. — "Bellevue." — The well-known family hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Baden-Baden.—Black Forest.—**"Brenner's Stephanie"** and **"Brenner's Park."** Baccara. 18 h. Golf. Swimming pool.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large own park. Close Casino. Personal management of proprietor: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Zähringerhof.—130 beds. Pension from RM. 8, or with pte. thermal bath from RM. 10.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels Kurhaus and Römerbad. — The two leading hotels, same management. All comf. Pens. fr. RM. 9.50.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof." — First-class hotel. Large gdn. fac. baths & Kurpark. 150 rms., 50 bathrms. Pension from RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Carlton Kurhaus.—Strictly first-class. Best English clients. Home-like in every way.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Hotel pref. by Eng., all mod. comf. Mod. prices, ex. cuisine. Prop. A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite Bath-houses. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim. — Hotel Bristol. — Directly opposite the Baths. Pension Arrangements from RM. 9.—Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

Bad Nauheim. — Park Hotel. — First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus). — Staatl. Kurhotel. Every room with pte. toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM. 11.

Coblence.—Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof.—1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pens. 9 Mks. up. Room 4 Mks. up.

Coblence.—Koblenzer Hof.—The leading hotel. Wonderful site fcg. Rhein. Garage. Rooms from RM. 4, with pension RM. 9.

Dresden—Hotel Bellevue, the ldg. Htl. Wld. renwnd. Unique pos. on the River. Gdn.-Pk. Terraces. Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Freiburg. — Hotel Zähringer Hof. — The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—
First class—quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 RM.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

München—Hotel "Der Königshof."—Karlsplatz 25. 1st-class, near theatres & museums —150 rms., 50 baths. New underground gar.

München — Hotel Gruenwald.—
Opposite central station.
300 beds. Every comfort.

Rüdesheim a. Rhein.—Hotel Darmstädter Hof. — Leading House, 75 beds, famous cuisine and wines.

Schlangenbad.—Kurhaus Hotel.—Greatest and most fashionable hotel in Schlangenbad. Tea concert. Dancing. Lock-up Garages.

Wiesbaden — Hotel Schwarzer Bock. — 1st cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pension from RM. 10.

Wiesbaden—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous Hotel in a famous Spa. Thermal baths. Trout fishing. Pension from RM. 10.

Wildbad.—Concordia Hotel.—Facing the Kurgarten, near Baths and Tennis. Garage. Full board RM. 8—10.

ITALY.

Brioni.—Hotel Brioni.—The fash'ble isl. of all sports. Golf (18 h.), polo, sail'g, fish'g, ten., shootg., beach. Perfect resort for holidays.

Stresa.—Regina Palace.—De luxe garden on lake. Tennis, Golf, Bathing, Orchestra, Gar. Rooms from 6/-, Pens. from 17/-. Swiss Man.

Viareggio.—Grand Hotel Royal.—300 rms. Comf. Best pos. nr. sea & for. Open Rest. Orches. distract. New Man., Cav. F. Paletto.

SWEDEN.

Saltsjobaden (near Stockholm). — Grand Hotel.—Lge. Tourist Htl. A house with ev'ry comf. for those des'g the best. Reas. terms.

Continued on page iii of cover.

The Bystander, June 5, 1934 No. 1590. Vol. CXXII.

The BYSTANDER

THE SLAVE'S MYSTERIOUS EYES . . .

An interesting photograph of Anna May Wong as Zaharat, the slave girl in "Chu Chin Chow." The film version of Oscar Asche's five-year stage success has been made by Gaumont-British, with George Robey and Fritz Kortner as the leading "Chows," and Walter Forde directing

Right: Mr. Norman Field, Mr. G. J. Jackson, Captain T. G. Lindsay and Lord Allerton at Prince's, Sandwich, for the White's Club golf tournament

White's Club Play Golf

Left: the Hon. Thomas Frankland and Lord Blandford leaving the first tee. Lord Blandford was beaten 5 and 3 in the final, by Captain A. M. Wakefield Saunders

Mrs. Jack Harrison and her daughter, Miss Audrey Harrison, with the Buenos Ayres Cup, which was won by Major Jack Harrison's team, the Knaves, from the Panthers, in the final at Ranelagh. Mrs. Harrison's dachshund also seems pleased

Taking Their Exercise

Events in the Golf, Polo and Bicycling Worlds

Below, left: Lady Thompson and the Hon. Mrs. Algernon Borthwick, before their game, which Mrs. Borthwick won by 3 and 2. Below, right: Lady Catherine Willoughby, with Lady Belper, whom she beat by 4 and 3 in the first round. She was knocked out in the third round by the Hon. Elizabeth Brand

The Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association Tournament

To Kirk on a Bike

The Duke of Argyll rides to church, from Inverary Castle, on his bicycle. When it rains, he puts on a waterproof and still goes on his bicycle. He was sixty-four last February

Looking at London

From Two O'Clock Till Midnight

Below : Miss Lupton and Mr. Vyvyan Stopford were at Lady Patricia Stopford's wedding to Mr. John Hayward, at St. Mary's, Aylesbury. Mr. Stopford is a cousin of the bride

Right : Mr. J. Abrahams, Miss Rosemary Davidson-Houstoun, Mr. Anthony Gwyn, and Miss D. Blair at Miss Davidson-Houstoun's cocktail-party in Thurloe Square. The hostess of the party is one of this year's débutantes

Swaebe

At the Crewe House Auction

Miss Sylvia Regis de Oliveira sells a programme for vast sums to Sir Oliver Duncan, Colonel Arthur McGrath looks on, and the Hon. Eileen Brougham gets ready for her next customer. This was at the Crewe House Auction, which was held last week in aid of the Shoreditch Housing Association

Planning the Children's Garden Party at Marlborough House

The Stanier Christening

Major Sir Alexander and Lady Stanier, their son and heir, and King George of Greece, one of the godfathers, outside the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The baby was christened Beville Douglas. Sir Alexander Stanier is in the Welsh Guards ; he and his wife have one daughter of six years old

Left : the Committee who are organising the Children's Garden Party on June 28, in aid of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, met at St. James's Palace. Standing, Lady Esher, Lady Aline Vivian, Lady Jessel, Mrs. Roger Eckersley, the Hon. Diana Legge, Lady Robertson and the Hon. Mrs. Lyell ; sitting, Lady Hope, Lady Thomas, the Hon. Mrs. Dawson and the Hon. Margaret Bigge

Summer Brides

Five Engaged and One Married

Below: ***Miss Sibyl de Winton—***
to Mr. John Russell Palmer

Lenare

Bassano

Bertram Park

The Hon. Margaret Thesiger—
to Mr. John Goldman

Peter North

Above:
Mrs. Peter Clifton,
who was Miss Ursula Packe

Left:
Miss Patricia Robertson—
to Mr. Graham Mitchell

Miss Sibyl de Winton: daughter of the late Mr. W. de Winton and the Hon. Mrs. de Winton, and niece of Lord Kensington; her fiancé is in the 13th-18th Hussars

Miss Patricia Robertson: daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Marshall Robertson, engaged to Mr. Graham Mitchell, son of Captain and Mrs. A. S. Mitchell, of Vectis Lodge, Bembridge

The Hon. Margaret Thesiger: youngest sister of Viscount Chelmsford, engaged to a nephew of Earl Peel, and son of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Goldman

Miss Joyce Riddick, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Riddick, is marrying Mr. John Lampson, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lampson's youngest son shortly

Miss Lisbette Campbell, daughter of Com. and Mrs. Harold Campbell; her fiancé is in the Rifle Brigade, son of the Hon. Claude and Lady Clodagh Anson, cousin of Earl of Lichfield and Marquess of Waterford

Mrs. Peter Clifton was married last week to the only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Percy Clifton, of Clifton Hall, Nottingham. She is the daughter of Sir Edward and the Hon. Lady Packe, of Prestwood Hall, Loughborough, and a granddaughter of Lord Colebrooke. Mr. Clifton is in the Grenadiers

Below:
Miss Joyce Riddick—
to Mr. John Lampson

Tunbridge

Peter North

Miss Lisbette Campbell—
to Mr. Hugo Anson

Americans Are So International

Ina Claire Comes to England, But Scotland, France and Spain Inspire Her Clothes

INA CLAIRE has been doing some shopping since she came to London. She hasn't had time to go to Paris, but her rose-pink "chi-chi" evening dress, with its cornflower-blue cape and flowers has that certain Parisian something. Schiaparelli came back from Scotland with the inspiration to make a hat called "Cup Tie," that would go with Miss Claire's tweeds, and the white knitted straw "Rumba" is pure Spanish, and sits nicely above a blue-and-white glazed chintz dress. Ina Claire's portrait of herself as an artist who loves both well and wisely, in "Biography," is another of her international successes

Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood

Spanish: This Hat is Called "Rumba"

Scottish: This Plaid Absurdity is "Cup Tie"

THE LONDO

Edited by

WELL, boys, here we are in 1960, and the mists of Killarney cling to the water like a poet's whispers. (Note to Sub-Editor—For God's sake don't print this "Poet's whiskers." If you do, I'll have a note from that old bore, Lionel Tennyson, defending his grandfather.)

I once owned a filly named Lollypops. Her mother was a lady and her father was Irish. Whenever I entered her in a race she would kick all the other horses at the post. By this system of maiming all the colts, and especially the geldings, she won every race.

And yet men marry.

Speaking of marriage reminds me of my old friend Lionel Tennyson. Lionel and I went to Eton together. There were some other fellows there as well, but as Lord Voxpop used to say: "Keep your eye on yourself and never mind the other fellow."

I went last night to an Empire Free Trade meeting. Beaverbrook was in grand form. He said he had ploughed a lonely furrow for sixty years, that he was a Conservative, but the Conservative Party had always made him sick. He said that Randolph Churchill was too old to be Prime Minister and should resign and make way for a younger man. Old Brenden Bracken came in a Bath chair, and told me afterwards that Max was making headway with his policy.

THE waters of Killarney are like a woman's embraces. Lie down in them and you die. Look at them only and it's safer. I could look a long time at Lady Didley. The only trouble is that if you look long enough at her you want her embraces so much that death would seem a small price to pay for them. Lord Didley, of course, is a fool. No one but a fool would marry anything so lovely. But Didley is an ass, anyway. He was at Harrow with me and Lionel Tennyson.

Lionel and I went to Eton together

"Fruity" Metcalfe broke his neck again yesterday, hunting. It will keep him out of the saddle for a week, and "Fruity" is in a great state of language about it. Words flow from "Fruity" like gifts from a stockbroker to a woman in red. How the divil he keeps his Irish accent is beyond even the understanding of the Lordly Ones who live in the hollow trees.

Maurice Baring dined with me last night. He shows his years, but can still sit on the floor and sing Chinese songs better than anyone I know. It's a rare gift. The trouble is he is beginning to forget the words. I felt very sorry for Maurice sitting there trying to remember his Chinese last night.

Lionel Tennyson used to write poetry when we were at Winchester. Fortunately a sneak gave him away to the Head and it was caned out of him.

Oliver Baldwin says he is the only man who can save the Conservative Party. I must tell Max.

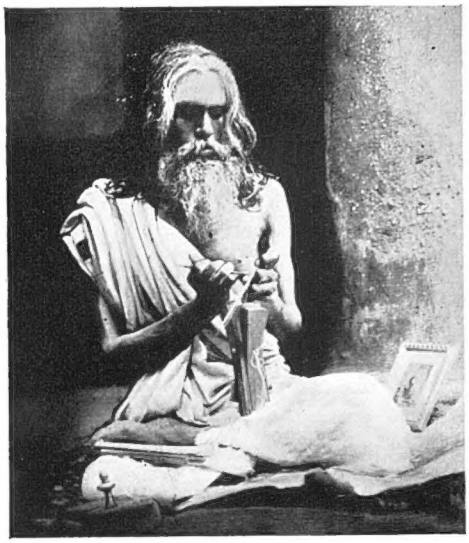
Sir Oswald Mosley is taking the cure. He says it was the English seaside waiters who killed his movement. Apparently they claimed that Black Shirts were a challenge to their historic prerogative, and so they poisoned the people's minds. It looks as if there is one Mosley in history who isn't going to lead us to the Promised Land.

DAMNED good lunch at the British Sportsmen's Club to welcome the Armenian Eleven. Owing to a slight misunderstanding with the Turks there are now only ten. Michael Arlen says he will make the eleventh if he can play under an assumed name. Too bad Tom Webster has become

I went last night to an Empire Free Trade

NER'S LOG—1960

VISCOUNT ROSSLECRASSE



He can still sit on the floor and sing Chinese songs better than anyone I know

the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. I asked him if he ever draws now, and Tom said: "Sure, I draw my salary." Harry Preston sent him a telegram afterwards. "Dear Sport, your wit is like Bubbly, only cheaper. Heart's regards."

Last night, when the moon was on the grass and the fairy people were dancing on the waters of Killarney, I got thinking of the war. Well do I remember how I saved Lionel Tennyson at Armentières. It was hard work, but I got him away. She never spoke to me again.

They are saying that Duff Cooper is almost certain to be given a full Ministerial post in the next Government if the Conservatives come back. Here 's Duff, who 's no duffer, with a lovely wife and Parliamentary promotion after being in the House only forty years. It shows the Tories never forget.

"Fruity" Metcalfe broke his neck again yesterday, hunting

Meeting. Beaverbrook was in grand form

WHAT is a lovely wife?

Perhaps I had better not start that again. Next week I may be a bit short for paragraphs, and I 'll need that theme to fill.

The pictures on this page are selected by the Editor. He 's a grand fellow, but I forget his name. I like the look of him if the chap I think I mean is the Editor.

All the swells are going to Ascot. But not this swell. I am going to stay near Killarney

> Where moonlight lingers on the dewy grass,
> Like lover's kiss in the Kilkenny pass,
> And murmuring breezes, with a gentle sigh,
> Ask why and why and why and why?

That 's real music and a damned sight better than Lionel Tennyson's grandfather ever wrote. It was written by my batman, in 1914.

EVERYBODY is talking about Lord Donegall's success in the City. They say that he will now definitely become the Leading Spirit on the Exchange. His is a romantic story.

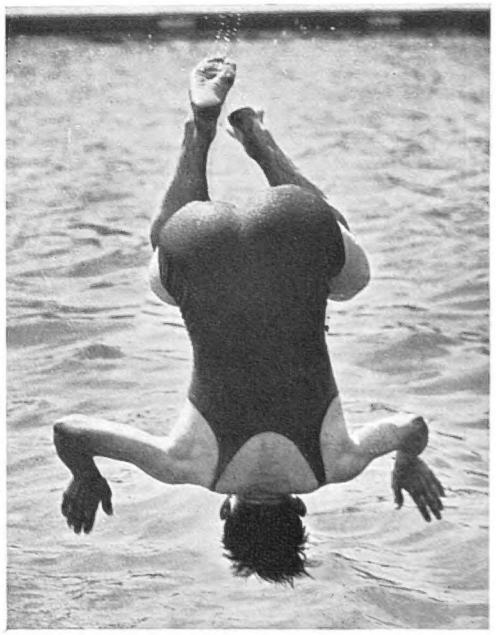
Last year he got a telephone message to sell a million shares of United Corsets short. His client was a very rich man and, although the shares were £5 each, Don didn't hesitate to execute the order. Unfortunately, he got the thing wrong, and bought the shares instead of selling. This started a boom that carried United Corsets to £15.

Don's client, who was a man of honour (he was at Narkover with me and Lionel Tennyson), wrote out a cheque to Don for £10,000,000, posted it and then blew his brains out. Don saw his mistake, and did his best to rectify it by selling out the million shares at the top of the market. This brought the price back to where it was, so no harm was done.

Donegall used to be a journalist, but after marrying a lovely wife he went to the City and led the campaign to maintain Friday openings. He is, of course, a dreadful golfer.

As I said, Don has a lovely wife. But why do men marry?

If you are really curious, look at this column next Sunday. I am almost certain to say something on this subject, unless there happens to be some news or unless I forget.



Sir Oswald Mosley is taking the cure

Houston Rogers

CLAIRE LUCE

A new portrait of the attractive American actress who is appearing with Seymour Hicks in "Vintage Wine," the new comedy from the Hungarian, which started its run a week ago at Daly's. She takes the part of Popinot, the twenty-six-year-old wife of the hero, who is a gay spark of sixty-two. Claire Luce made an excellent partner for Fred Astaire in "Gay Divorce," at the Palace; her sister, Polly Luce, is now in "Why Not To-Night?" at the same theatre

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Cricket Team No. 4

OUR fourth and last team of cricketers, past and present, is a rustic eleven. Although all the players are, or have been, first-class cricketers, nevertheless their names smack of the village green. They ought, surely, to play in braces and/or belts with snake-buckles, and some will wear corduroys, and others collarless shirts. They will be very strong on the leg-side, and the ball will often be lost in clumps of thistles, and sixty ought generally to be a winning score.

Our opening pair will be Greenwood (Yorks) and Hedges (Gloucester). Then come Peate (Yorks) and Brann (Sussex) and a couple of Parks, both of Sussex. Field (Warwick) and Ford, that mighty hitter, of Middlesex, come next, and, of course, that greatest of all bowlers, Sidney Barnes. Clem Hill, of Australia, must be there, and the last place goes to Root, of Worcestershire. The eleven will drive to its match in a waggonette that Wainwright (Yorks) will have built, and among the spectators will be Squires (Surrey) and Parsons (Warwick).

Ecstatic Verse

WE are inspired by reading the powerful and poignant drama of little Pronya Kolibin, the Commissar's joy, the idol of the proletariat. This model Russian citizen detected that his mother was committing the dastardly outrage against the State of stealing corn from a collective farm in order to feed her children. Horrified at this cold-blooded disobedience to the laws of justice and integrity, honest little Pronya pattered off to the local sleuths and laid an information against his mamma. The theft of corn being a capital offence, the criminal was duly scooped in, and the dear little chap was rewarded with handsome cash prizes. He subsequently recorded the incident in undying verse, which was published in the *Pravda*. As only two lines have reached us, running—

You are a wrecker, Mother,
I can't live with you any more,

we have taken the liberty of completing the poem for your benefit. It goes as follows—

The Poem

'Tis thirteen-year-old little Pronya,
Who 's the pride of the Kremlin to-day,
For he tipped off his Ma to the Ogpu,
For snooping a handful of hay.
And Mamma was hauled off to the chokey,
To be shot, drawn, and quartered and hung,
While the lad stayed at home and concocted a pome,
And this was the pome which he sung—

"You are a wrecker, Mother,
I can't live with pinchers of corn,
So I 've passed on the word to that Commissar bird,
And you 're for the high jump at dawn.
Comrade Stalin will strike a gold medal
For the boy who denounced his Mamma,
And the Ogpu will say, 'Comrades, shout hip hooray
For the pride of the U.S.S.R.'!'"

Provincial News

HEARING that the Oxford Union—that Institution for ever immortalised by the speeches of young Master Churchill—intended to debate on the resolution "That this House is Overcome with Admiration for the English Character," we despatched a representative to report on the proceedings for us. He brought back some interesting impressions: firstly, the high quality of the young gentlemen's speeches; secondly, the bland urbanity of Mr. Douglas Woodruff, who had come down from London to assist the House to be overcome with admiration; thirdly, the superb wisecrack of one speaker who had better, for personal reasons, remain anonymous. He was attacking a Scotsman who was on the other side, and he said: "The head of the Episcopal Church of England is a Scot. The head of the B.B.C. is a Scot, if, indeed, it is possible to draw a distinction between the B.B.C. and the Episcopal Church of England." The roof was lifted seven inches with the resulting roar. One very curious thing our representative reported to us. The young ladies who are studying at the University have to return to their homes at 11.15, whereas the young gentlemen may remain out until midnight. Now, it is a commonplace that a young lady of twenty-one is at

"Er—this is Miss Henderson, Inspector"

" This is Mr. Pinkham. He's been doing yeoman service in Art Needlework and Embroidery "

least five years older than a young gentleman of the same age, so surely the rule ought to be the other way round. The ladies ought to be allowed to stay out, and the boys chivvied in. " I felt this very strongly," writes our man, in the last paragraph of his report, " because at 11.5 p.m. I was torn from the society of an enchantingly beautiful zoologiste, and projected into the society of a number of young male students whose faces appeared by comparison to resemble dyspeptic mackerels. They possessed hearts of sterling gold, no doubt, but they ought to have been sent home, leaving me to chat of this and that with my zoologiste." A moving tale, we thought. We shall be dropping down to Oxford ourselves one of these days, to attend a few lectures on newts or lesser invertebrates or whatever it is that is included in the sentence of the zoology chain-gang.

High Jinks in Manchukuo

OUR diplomatic correspondent writes that a step of the most momentous, far-reaching, epoch-making character since that terrible day in 1841 when Andorra broke off diplomatic relations with San Marino and a world catastrophe was only averted by the personal intervention of the Tibetan Vice-Consul in Macclesfield—help ! this sentence is getting away from us. Who do you think we are, anyway ? Battling Jack Ruskin ? Or Walt Pater, who could joggle words about in sentences about a yard and a half long and still come out with his main verb in the right spot ? We can't do that. Mr. Noel Coward 's the boy for us, with sentences of three, or, at the most, four words, ending in a dash. Anyway, the bombshell is the recognition of Manchukuo by the giant Republic of San Salvador. Atlases out, girls, and turn to the Malay States. What ? Not in the Malay States ? Oh, well, let 's get on.

A Strange Delusion

WE were talking the other day with an American film-director on the subject of film slang, and he told us one very peculiar thing. In Hollywood there is an expression, " a prison film," and it means a film which is so bad that the only place from which the audience would not walk out on it would be a prison. This puzzled us greatly, for we had always understood that no one stood on ceremony in American prisons, but just came and went as they liked. Liberty Hall, as you might say. But we did not pursue the matter. Some of our cousins across the sea are a trifle touchy about these things.

A Dumas Story

A NEW book has recently been published about the creator of the Musketeers, and it contains many capital stories about that remarkable man. (We did not know, by the way, that he was a quadroon, and looked it.) One of them is concerned with his later life, when his wild extravagance had got him into desperate financial difficulties. He was beset by creditors, duns, writs, summonses, and all the paraphernalia of the law. One day a dun collared him. Dumas tried to escape. " It 's only fifty francs," said the man, " and I want it to bury a bailiff." " Great heavens ! " cried Dumas, pulling out a handful of money. " Take a hundred francs and go and bury two."

" Waiter, bring me another tablecloth "

West End Clubman

OUR colleague who does the book reviews in this delectable journal tells us that he received the other day a highly insulting letter from a member of a very celebrated Piccadilly club. The writer of it apparently disagreed with the literary views of our colleague and hurled a torrent of rather ungrammatical abuse at him. But—and this is the strange thing—the letter was written on the club notepaper, and was *anonymous*. Well, well, we live in an age of changing standards, but we had thought that if there was one solid rock among all the shifting sands, it was the association of honourable conduct and the famous old West End clubs. What would a Forsyte have said to an anonymous letter on the club notepaper ? Something, we shrewdly suspect, about cads and cowards.

Depression Corner

WE sometimes have misgivings about these jolly little notes that we jot down from time to time for your amusement. We feel that perhaps they are a little too gay, a shade too frisky (and once again we warn the printer that if he tries any of his funny stuff with the first and last letters of that word and turns it into "risqué," he will hear from our solicitors, and if they try to borrow money from him he will be well-advised to follow us and not lend it). We hear rather unfortunate stories of young folk who get so exhilarated by our little by-play, our Wendyesque fancies, that they rush out and try to pinch policemen's helmets. So we want to give you an antidote to this ebullience. If ever you are feeling on top of the world, read a snappy little publication called the *Week*, and you will begin to think that in a month or two there won't be any world left for you to be on top of. It 's a jolly little bundle of gloom, we can assure you. War here, and war there, and revolution across the road, and bankruptcy just round the second corner on the left. We have just finished reading the latest number (by a curious coincidence, it comes out every week), and we were so appalled by it that we rushed off to our Major-General—you know, the one who does the fashions—and asked him to advise us what to enlist in when the war breaks out. He laid down a packet of rather jolly little dinner dresses, with tops of sunburst-pleated red-gold lamé, that he was examining, and advised us to join up either in the Railway Transport Service in the Outer Hebrides, or in the Engineers (Salvage of Agricultural Machinery Company), or as A.P.M. Paris. We forget now which he said was the more dangerous service.

"I just said 'Baa !' for fun, and now I can't shake them off"

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

No. 1.—Eton

A thin light-blue band on a sable base
Is the Old Etonians' famous tie,
And many who never were at the place
Parade it daily—I wonder why ?

KING'S COLLEGE of Our Lady stands
In Royal Windsor's shade,
And here the sons of people who
Are blessed with gold and blood that 's blue
Are gently nurtured by "M'Tu-
Tor" till, in the Brigade
Or at the Universities
We see the O.E.s take their ease.

You 'll find that your Etonian
Two different types affords :
The Wet-Bobs, who will pull an oar
Till hands—and other parts—grow sore ;
And Dry-Bobs, who aspire to score
A century at Lord's.
But both types yearn to join that "Pop"
Where three brass balls would prove a flop.

This Old School Tie brings visions of
The green of Agar's Plough ;
Of muffled youth who shove a ball
Towards a closely guarded wall ;
Of Fourths of June, and—most of all—
It makes me think, somehow,
Of jackets which in winter freeze
The body far above the knees ! B. W.

Gentleman into Colton

AN authentic tale reaches us from the town of White Plains, New York. A Mr. Morris Cohen asked the judge if he could change his name to Morton Colton. His reason was that there are 5382 Cohens in the New York City Telephone Directories, of whom 121 are called Morris. He himself was 121st in the list, and he lost a lot of business that way. But there were no Morton Coltons. Hence his application. It was granted, and he has started in on his new life. In the London Directory there are 800 Cohens, of whom six are called Morris.

Garden Notes

NOW that the Season is in full swing, hardy climbers are greatly in evidence, as usual surmounting, or, at any rate, gallantly attempting to surmount, every obstacle. This courageous species, Lionhuntera Ascendens, is never discouraged by set-backs such as a severe frost, and even if completely ignored will come up again as gaily as ever. Its characteristic flower is a blooming great trumpet, which blows incessantly from May till August. Sitwelliana amusans may often be planted close to it, with great profit to all.

THE BYSTANDERS.

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

"*The House of Rothschild*"

MR. ARLISS dons an outsize, Palmerstonian top-hat and makes money-lending romantic and banking beneficent! Of course, it is not quite as easy as that. All George Arliss's resources, his craft as well as his art, convert this portrait of a great Jewish financier into a popular screen hero.

Mayer Rothschild, of Frankfurt, on his death-bed, advises his five sons to start banks in all the European capitals. The House of Rothschild, financing the Allies against Napoleon, becomes a power in Europe. In London, its head, Nathan, is the friend and confidant of the Duke of Wellington. Napoleon at Elba, a large French loan is to be floated. Rothschild is jockeyed out through the machinations of the anti-Jewish Prussian, Baron Ledranz. Three-quarters of the loan is given to Baring (incidentally, the house of Baring was also of Jewish origin!), and the rest is shared between Metternich, Talleyrand, and Ledranz, who are speculating on an inevitable rise.

By consistent selling of an existing loan, Rothschild so reduces its price that it is impossible for the group to float their loan at a remunerative figure, and they are forced to sell to Rothschild.

Ledranz retaliates with pogroms in Germany. Napoleon's escape from Elba forces the Allied Ministers to come to Rothschild for money, and although Napoleon has offered better terms and privileges, Nathan agrees to finance the Allies to secure peace in Europe and freedom for the Jews. He receives publicly and royally expressed gratitude, and is made a Baron after the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo.

This is but an outline of the film, which is full of material and gives Arliss his most important rôle since Disraeli. In the prologue, as Rothschild père, he gives a subtle and racially characteristic portrait. But as the successful son, familiar Arlissisms obtrude—the effective changes from paternal and domestic tenderness to stern-voiced, stern-faced implacability and domination; the assured and well-timed gestures. . . . He makes the great financier a delightful personality, and adduces pro-Jewish propaganda without ever convincing one that the man he is portraying is a Jew.

Nathan's daughter, Julie, is in love with an officer on Wellington's staff. As the only bar to their romance is racial, the American accents of Loretta Young, as the German-American maiden, and Robert Young, as the Irish Guardsman, are disturbing.

After Arliss, Aubrey Smith, as Wellington, is the most impressive member of the cast. Karloff, grand of stature and voice, is the intriguing Prussian, and Reginald Owen uses his aristocratic presence and "His Majesty's Theatre" diction with effect as an English diplomat.

Frank Buck with a new-born mouse-deer in his hand, and Gibbon, a camp-follower, looking over his shoulder. His exploits in capturing wild animals for the "Zoos" of the world have been made into a film, called "Wild Cargo"

A Malayan honey-bear, one of the most easily tamed and amusing of animals, is part of Frank Buck's "circus" in "Wild Cargo"

Left: Carl Brisson and Frances Day in a scene from "Two Hearts in Waltz-Time," the first English film to be shown at the Curzon. It started there last night

"*Wild Cargo*"

FRANK BUCK is a professional purveyor of livestock to the "Zoos" and circuses of the world. In order to execute his orders he has to exercise courage and ingenuity, and the photographic record of his activities and processes is interesting and exciting, while the danger of repetition is obviated by the various conditions and the reactions of the different animals.

If one is tempted to consider some of his methods of capture cruel, and to feel that this stout, short-stepping man is hardly the figure of a screen hero, and that danger episodes, such as his personal conflict with a python, are camera-conscious, one must remember that he does risk life and fortune in pursuit of his profession. An expedition of five months brought him a profit of £3500. His next year's work was only worth £100.

The camera-men, Nicholas Cavaliere and L. G. Phelps, must have taken risks and endured hardships to obtain these brilliant pictures of Frank Buck's expedition into the Malayan jungles to bring back elephant, tapir, king cobra, cassowary, white buffalo, and other rare beasts, birds and reptiles. The building of the traps and making of nets, the keenness and courage of the well-built natives, add to the interest.

"*Brides to Be*"

AN inexpensive mixture of the "Service" theme—life in a big store—with melodrama. Possibilities destroyed by inexperienced cast and clumsy direction. Olive Sloane, in secondary rôle, does all she can with poor dialogue intended to be "snappy." Betty Stockfeld is a girl in the packing department, who interviews the head of the firm, gives him the Fortnum and Mason "Bride's Book" idea, and gets a good job and a fairly good millionaire. She has a certain distinguishing directness and a facial resemblance to Janet MacDonald; but her voice is unsympathetic.

WICKET KEEPER: *"How's that!"*

UMPIRE (with glass of GUINNESS): "Very Refreshing!"

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Cautions

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Where There's a Will There's a Play

"The Voysey Inheritance" (Shaftesbury)

How many plays, I wonder, written thirty years ago, would bear revival? How many plays, I wonder still more, written now, would bear revival thirty years hence? Harley Granville-Barker's play, *The Voysey Inheritance*, produced for a short run at the Shaftesbury Theatre, was first seen in 1905, but it is as alive as any comedy written in 1934. I predict, without fear of contradiction, as I shall be otherwise occupied in 1964, that if revived again in that year it will still be regarded as a good play, and one which has lived.

The Voysey Inheritance strikes me as a Galsworthy novel in miniature. It is an extremely difficult task, in the three hours' traffic of the stage, to make a whole family live, but Granville-Barker has done it as effectively here as Galsworthy did in the Forsyte Saga. It may be that, thanks to changes in legislation, Voysey père (Felix Aylmer), the gambling solicitor, would now have his wings clipped and could not speculate with clients' money, as any solicitor was able to do thirty years ago, but this does not detract from the truthful portrait of a man whose superb casuistry almost makes one feel that he has done right, when defending his conduct to his eldest son (Maurice Evans), who is expected to carry on the criminal course. This son is also as true to life as can be, and his reasons which decide him to shoulder the burden ring true. As for his deaf mother (May Whitty), his K.C. brother (Harcourt Williams), who has cut himself off from the family, his sister (Antonia Brough), the family drudge, Brother Hugh (Marius Goring) the uncommercial artist, and last, but not least, Major Booth Voysey (Archibald Batty), with the booming voice and no brains, they are all unforgettable, and alive to their finger-tips.

It is only when we come to the characters of the two young women, one of whom has married into the Voysey family, and the other who is going to do so, that the dramatist seems to falter a little by being in advance of his time. The Voyseys are Edwardian to the core. These two women seem to belong to a later generation. A strange case of anticipating the future.

The acting is as good in this revival as it was in the original production, which is yet another proof of its merit. There is plenty of straw with which to make bricks, and I thank every member of the family for a delightful evening. Thanks should also be extended to Joyce Bland and Beatrix Thomson as the more modern women, while it is a joy to see O. B. Clarence once again in his original part as George Booth, whose investments were tampered with by his old friend, Voysey père.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Above: Mr. Voysey, Senr. (Felix Aylmer), a Napoleon of finance, unscrupulous, ruthless, and with much self-assurance, and George Booth (O. B. Clarence), one of his unsuspecting victims and clients

Left: Edward Voysey (Maurice Evans), a young solicitor, who was left in the criminal cart when his father died, and Alice Maitland (Beatrix Thomson), his fiancée, who persuaded him that he could do the right thing by doing wrong

Right: "I am not a conceited man, but——" Major Booth Voysey (Archibald Batty), a booming fireside orator

EPSOM CAVALCADE

By Quintin Gilbey

From the day he first learns that horses are made to race against one another

NEXT Wednesday we are more united as a nation than on any other day of the year; in fact, we might be called a people with but a single thought—the early part of the day being concerned with what is *going* to win the Derby, and the latter part with what *has* won the Derby.

FROM the day when he first learns that horses are made to race against one another, every citizen of this country is affected by the Derby. There are, of course, cranks who think that horse-racing is wicked, and profess to ignore the Derby; but they cannot be said to be entirely unaffected by it, as it must be particularly annoying for them to find all their friends and relations unable to talk about anything else.

MY own first bet on the Derby was in 1910, when I was ten years old and at a private school. I wanted Lemberg to win, and a friend wanted Neil Gow. Such complicated things as odds meant little to me in those days, and when he suggested that I should have an even shilling on Lemberg, I readily agreed. I regret to say that this was not the only time in my life I have taken under the odds. Lemberg won, but I had to wait till the end of the term for my shilling, as the headmaster kept all our money, and he would not have taken kindly to the idea of "settling" for my young friend.

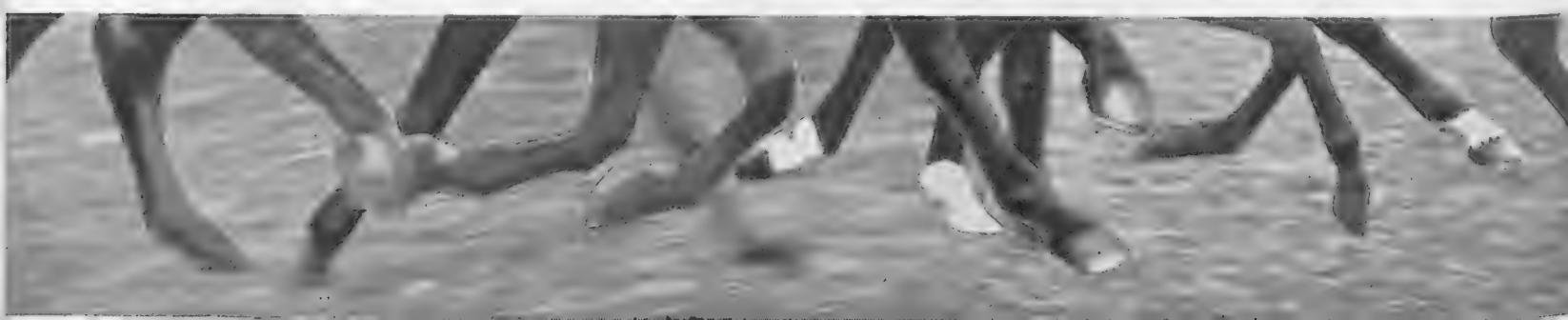
I HAVE related this personal incident as it illustrates at what an early age the average child gets bitten with the Derby. Other races may never have the smallest interest for him, but he will continue, for the remainder of his life, to have a bet on the Derby.

COLOMBO, at virtually even money, will make very little appeal to the "one-bet-a-year" individuals. They require something more spectacular than that. When you won't have a bet for another whole year, it 's not much fun to be told that even if it wins you 'll only get one extra shilling for your shilling outlay.

THE wireless has, of course, revolutionised the Derby, and the old lady living alone, with only a cat as a companion (these old ladies all bet on the Derby), can turn on the wireless and listen to Bob Lyall, instead of waiting patiently for the paper, as she did in the old days.

THE wireless, too, has proved a god-send for domestic servants, and I can visualise them, round about three o'clock, headed by cook and the butler, tripping into the drawing-room (all upstairs having gone to Epsom), agog with excitement, while the butler rather pompously turns on the loud-speaker.

The Butler rather pompously turns on the loud-speaker



Much muttering of Perfide Albion!

In most City offices the employees run a sweep amongst themselves, and this obviates the necessity of having a bet, unless you have a particular fancy. In Captain Cuttle's year, I was employed in a bank in Paris, and received permission from the manager to run a sweep.

The French employees were immediately suspicious of the whole show, but on being told it was run under the auspices of the management, they produced their five-franc notes, and the sweep was a roaring success. To make the party go, I took ten tickets, and was fortunate enough to draw Captain Cuttle. When the news came through that he had won, there was almost an International Situation, and much muttering of Perfide Albion! They have never had another sweepstake in that bank.

The average punter should (I don't say he does) regard the Derby as just one of the hundreds of races run during the year, and bet accordingly. Punters, though (and by "punters" I include professional backers), are only human, and are thus, to some extent, carried away by the thrill of the Derby, and accordingly bet bigger than usual.

The majority of punters this year will back Colombo—many have already done so weeks ago—and save their money on such animals as Windsor Lad, Easton or Umidwar. There are others, however, who will reverse the proceedings, fearing Colombo's temperamental outbursts, and considering his present price a false one under the circumstances. They will therefore go for a good win on one of the horses mentioned, and cover their stake on Colombo.

Finally, there is the dashing young amateur who will not stand Colombo at any price. He will lay his bookmaker a shade over the odds about the favourite, which his bookmaker will be only too pleased to accept, and then he will back something else.

Punters are susceptible to all the frailties of human nature; bookmakers are robots; that's why the punters die broke, and bookmakers rich. The bookmakers will not be in the least little bit carried away by the thrills of the Derby, but they will endeavour, so far as is possible, to win, no matter what horse wins, and to help them do this, they will purchase shares in sweepstakes. Unlike the "Tote," the bookmakers *do* sometimes lose, but not a lot, or very often.

I am often asked whether owners or trainers bet heavily on their horses in the Derby, and the answer is, unless they are inveterate gamblers, "No." The winning owner annexes approximately £10,000—of which the trainer is entitled to ten per cent. Neither of them, therefore, has any great incentive to bet. True, the jockey will expect a whacking big present (say, £3000), but this will still leave the owner with £6000—and, furthermore, the value of his horse will have appreciated by something like four times, as, for stud purposes alone, the market price of a Derby winner is in the neighbourhood of £30,000.

Of the owners with fancied horses, Lord Glanely has already won the Derby, with Grand Parade; Lord Woolavington twice, with Captain Cuttle and Coronach; the Aga Khan with Blenheim, and Mr. Dewar with Cameronian; the Maharaja of Rajpipla, the owner of Windsor Lad, which, I presume, will be backed by every Eton boy, has, however, yet to win a classic race.

The most popular Derby winner I have ever seen was Mr. Tom Walls's April the Fifth, two years ago—the crowd went wild with delight. If, however, Colombo credits Lord Glanely with his second Derby next Wednesday, I expect to see him get a similar reception. The small punter will have benefited very little, if at all, from his success, but every Englishman and Englishwoman loves a good horse. Colombo has hitherto proved himself a great horse; if he wins the Derby, he will prove himself a greater one—I hope he does.

. . . *which his bookmaker will be only too pleased to accept*

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 53.

The Maharaja of Rajpipla

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Sirra

THE MAHARAJA OF RAJPIPLA is the Peter Pan of the Ruling Princes of India. Aged forty, he is really ageless, though his youngest son is eight and his eldest is about to get married. Known as "Pip," he accentuates the nickname by having one of his racehorses known as "Mr. Pip." "Pip's" greatest ambition is to win the Derby, and to-morrow, if all goes well, this will be realised by Windsor Lad, which, as I write, is third favourite.

"Pip" has two selves—the one on the surface when in England, and the other when he is in his native State—an hour-and-a-half by air from Bombay. In England he is Bohemian, lighthearted, shy, merry, diffident. In his home he is responsible, extremely grand, very much a king, and tremendously respected. Indeed, he is a very good ruler, and his millions of subjects are prosperous, and proud of him.

He has an enormous palace, a mole on his cheek, a fleet of motor-cars, a lasting devotion to cameras, a vast guest-house, a passion for cigars, and a mansion on the river. When he arrives at the first or last-named, an electric light shines on the roof. He personally supports his own State army. Polo matches take place every day from October to April when he is there. Guests are invited to take part in all kinds of big-game hunting, and the latest copy of the *New Yorker* is always on tap.

YET it is England, where he is entitled to a salute of thirteen guns, which is his spiritual home. He goes to all the race meetings. He has the Manor House at Old Windsor. And at his Sunday-afternoon parties you never know whom you are going to meet—Maharajas, film magnates, or Mollisons—they come and go incessantly, under the courteous eye of "Pinky," his charming little A.D.C.

"Pip" is really a delightful person. He is an admirable host, thoughtful, kindly, and permanently youthful. In India he has one elephant—Raj Mangal. In England he has one object—hospitality. I hope very much that he leads in the winner to-morrow.

For two years he has headed the list of winning owners in India, and he has already won the Irish Derby and the Irish 2000 Guineas with Embargo.

England has known him annually for thirteen years from April to October, as a result of which he has become the most un-Oriental potentate of my acquaintance. He maintains, however, one strict rule: he never allows his very pretty wife to leave her native home.

Comte Hemeleers-Shenley, of the Belgian Embassy, and Comtesse Hemeleers-Shenley, who are regular opera-goers, went to the first night of the Italian season last week

Gala at Covent Garden

The Italian Season Opens

Top: Sir John and Lady Dashwood arriving at Covent Garden to hear Signor Gino Marinuzzi conducting "La Bohème"

Above: Lady Ursula Manners, in gold and with gardenias in her hair, went with the Duchess of Rutland and Mr. Gillian

Above: Miss Diana Forbes-Robertson talking to Miss Mary Newcombe during the interval. The King and Queen were in the Royal Box for the first time this season, and the audience for "La Bohème" was a very social one: in fact, Covent Garden was at its most brilliant

Left: Captain and Mrs. Bovey Fischier. Mrs. Bovey Fischier was wearing some of the beautiful Napoleonic Crown jewels which her husband has inherited

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Miss Christa de Paravicini, wearing a dress of blue frilled net, was at the Café de Paris with the Reggie Sheffields, and was sketched with her host. She is, incidentally, a clever pianist

Above: Lady Phyllis Allen, who gave a cocktail-party last week at her charming house in Little Stanhope Street. It is called The Cottage, was built in 1618, and was the original dwelling-place of the shepherds of Shepherd Market. The drawing-room was at one time a forge

Right: an impression of Sophie Tucker looking something like the Statue of Liberty, and glittering with jewels, at the Café de Paris

THE appearance of June (the month) in our calendar gives us the chance to indulge in a mass of expletives. Everything concerned with it is said to be "Royal," "Flaming," or so "Brilliant" that it makes itself blink. We also know that it is a month concerned with a "wealth of glorious pageantry," which may be applicable to Ascot, Trooping the Colour, the Horse Show, or the efforts to be made at Runnymede. In the cricket world everybody seems to have scored a century; in lawn tennis circles the most-discussed topic seems to be F. J. Perry's foot, which has quite displaced Larwood's toe in importance. One can comment that it is a pity that the standard of courage among some lawn tennis players is not on the same level as their stroke play.

THE visit of the King and Queen to Covent Garden for the opening of the Italian opera season naturally attracted there others than serious opera-goers. If the Royal Party can manage to be in its box one minute before the scheduled time, surely those who have not nearly so much to do in their lives can also follow their example. The Italian Season brings out a different crowd to the German: the opening and shutting of bags, built specially for opera, with snaps like those of a Lewis gun, is a distinct feature, as are the sweet-eaters. These delicacies have to be wrapped in the crinkliest possible paper to ensure their success.

Lord Claud Hamilton and Lord Colebrooke were in attendance in the Royal Box at *La Bohème*: Lady Cunard was in the audience, and it is reported that at one of the German performances she donned the Tarnhelm, came down from her box, and mingled with the crowd to hear the remarks. Marinuzzi, the conductor, was the particular star of the first Italian performance, at which Mr. Sidney Beer was inviting guests to his schloss at Salzburg for the great musical festival. Lady Dashwood is said to be going, Miss Diana Forbes-Robertson, after a visit to Aunt Maxine (Elliott) on the Riviera, certainly is going, as are Dr. Malcolm

Left : Lady FitzHarris and her daughter, who is only two weeks old, and is going to be called Sylvia. Lady FitzHarris was the Hon. Diana Carleton, Lord and Lady Dorchester's elder daughter ; she married the Earl of Malmesbury's only son in 1932. The FitzHarrises live at the Old Rectory, Winchfield

Lady Seafield and her bull-terrier, Jock, at Lady Phyllis Allen's cocktail-party. Jock is a well-known character, has perfect party manners, and makes no objection to having his picture drawn

Sargent and Mr. Francis Toye. This, of course, will not be the latter's first visit. Mr. Frazier Jelke was making up parties for Stonor Park, Henley, now known Mayfairly as Château Jelké : several Lawson-Johnstons were there last week-end. Mrs. Ormond Lawson Johnston is much better again ; she has had one of those nasty bugs attack her throat.

SUNDERLAND HOUSE has been bright with a number of dances lately, and the one to which we all went was given by Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth and Mrs. Charles Higgins. Here one could see Miss Pamela Kingsmill wearing a fish net—there was also some nice pillar-box red to be seen, as worn by Miss Jennifer Fry. Crewe House and Chesterfield House opened their doors in aid of charity on the same evening. Sophie Tucker was the auctioneer at the former ; the Duke and Duchess of York attended both functions. At Chesterfield House was that popular couple without whom no social function is complete—Lady Honor and Mr. " Chips " Channon.

THE Finnish National Orchestra opened its series of concerts at the Queen's Hall, and on the first night the Finnish Minister and Mme. de Gripenberg sat with Princess Marie Louise and Princess Helena Victoria. They afterwards gave a reception in Bryanston Square, at which the diamonds of Mme. Norberto-Ficher were an outstanding feature. She is to sing at Covent Garden next year. Gigli sang at the Albert Hall ; he should be singing at Covent Garden, but it is said that he wants too much money. And if the house can be filled without him, it means that something will be left over for somebody else—which there rarely is when he sings. But that does not prevent him from being the finest tenor of the day, or from getting to look more like Quaglino than ever—and the two are very great friends.

THE yachting season is in full swing ; Lord Moyne is making up select little parties to go on his enormous great yacht, which is a converted Newhaven-Dieppe boat (and they need some converting). I expect when the tunny-fishing season begins Lady Broughton and Miss Monica Sherriff will be aboard. Let us hope there will not be another wreck. Sir Harold Bowden spends the week-ends cruising round the Island (Wight) in Maid Marian, waving a cheery arm to Lord and Lady Tennyson on the beach at Freshwater. It is reported that his Lordship's latest hobby is shrimping, although, as always, he batted very well against the Australians for Hampshire.

Miss Eileen Karri-Davies and her younger sister, Miss Tunie Karri-Davies, were at Mr. and Mrs. Paley-Johnson's cocktail-party, both wearing light grey, and looking very neat and cheerful

THE Rodeo contestants have arrived at the White City, where, on Saturday, they begin a whole month's buck-jumping. There are cowboys, cow-girls, steers, and horses, with Tex Austin as showman-in-chief (see him standing in the hall of the Savoy in his full kit), and Lord Lonsdale giving a prize for the best kept cow-pony.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

LORD AND LADY ROBERT CRICHTON-STUART are just back from their honeymoon and are busy settling into their new house in Buckingham Gate. However, they had managed to drag themselves away from the house the other night, when we saw them at the Savoy in a party with their great friends, the Terence Edens. Lord and Lady Milton we also saw, but then we seldom go out without seeing them. She was wearing an attractive printed short coat over her black dress. Mrs. Roger Frankland was out on her first party since the arrival of her second son, who can't be more than six weeks old. They 've made quite certain of the Zouche Barony continuing in the male line for some many years to come. In the same party was Miss Betty Kerr-Smiley, dressed in bottle-green. *How* she enjoys life ! She 's always bubbling over. A more refreshing person to take on a party we can't think of. She was having a good giggle over the cabaret. Miss Madeleine Carroll, looking quite lovely in white, was with her husband, Captain Philip Astley. Miss Baba Beaton and her fiancé, Mr. Hambro, still seem very much in love and indulge in gazing parties, no matter how many other people may be at the same table.

CAPTAIN ROY MACKENZIE has returned from the East, and we saw him the other day walking down Piccadilly, perfectly appointed, escorting his charming wife. Further down the same street we saw Mrs. Hart Davis with silver foxes (plural, please) wound round her neck, and a

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Miss Lisa Maugham, wearing a navy-blue and white printed dress, and Mr. Terry Weldon were at the Monseigneur together, listening to Douglas Byng

Blue Bedlington on the end of a string. Still further on, in Clubland, was Colonel Wilfred Egerton, looking as handsome as ever, wearing a gent's natty boater with an M.C.C. band round it. He also was accompanied by a dog.

LUNCHING at the Ritz a few days ago were all the usual Ritz Regulars, and a good many more besides: Mr. Sidney Beer, tête-à-tête with Lady Ravensdale in a corner, probably being highbrow; Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, whom we haven't seen for some time, possibly due to the fact that they have been in Africa; and Mr. Philip Dunne, joint-Master of the Warwickshire, with his attractive wife, who was Miss Peggy Walker. She had on one of the modern hats that start somewhere at the top of your head and end somewhere near the tip of your nose.

Does Captain Jack Fielden believe in safety in numbers? Anyhow, he had three lovely girls lunching with him and him alone. Mme. du Bonnet we saw, too. As Mrs. Nash she was known as the best-dressed woman in London. Whether she still holds that honour we don't know, but are inclined to think she should. We admire so much the way Mme. Portago moves. In fact, we admire her altogether, and her good-looking husband, who was not Ritz-ing that day. Mrs. Bobby Jenkinson, in black, was with Lord Edward Hay. She and the Edward Hays are great friends, and are frequently to be found staying in each other's houses.

OTHER people that we have noticed about, here and there, lately, are Miss Rose Vincent, who to-morrow becomes Lady Burgh, walking arm-in-arm with her father down Jermyn Street; Lady Ashley, in an enormous mink coat on rather a hot day, hatless in Duke Street; the Jack Hulberts, lunching with Mr. Ivor Maclaren, and, at the same restaurant, Mrs. Jerry Sheilds, in green, in a large party which included her two small, attractive daughters; Captain and Mrs. Philip Cripps, tête-à-tête; Mrs. David Forbes, patiently waiting for her husband, who was long overdue; and Mr. Malcolm Vaughan, wandering about looking completely lost. Also, at the Monseigneur the other night, where the crowd was enormous (Douglas Byng's fault) and steering difficult, Mrs. Johnny Player, who was looking as lovely as ever, in black and white, and Mr. Peter Ackroyd dancing together; Mr. Dermot Daly and Mrs. Jean Heneage, the latter rushing off to the telephone at frequent intervals.

MRS. PEEPS

Mrs. Reggie Sheffield at the Café de Paris. She was in a party with her husband and Miss Christa de Paravicini

Cocktails on the Balcony

Top: Mrs. Paley Johnson (Carol Glorney that was) gave the party; with her is Captain D'Arcy Rutherford, who may be taking his speed-boats to Antibes this year. Above: Mrs. Richard Herbert, Lady Churston's sister, and Mr. Billy Reardon, who is staying with Douglas Fairbanks, Senior

John Everard

CLYTIE

The beautiful daughter of Oceanus and Tethys loved and was loved by Apollo. But he deserted her for another, and she, jealous, went to her rival's father and told tales. For this the sun-god despised her all the more, and even her long vigil, as she watched him for nine days moving along his golden path through the sky, did not turn his heart towards her. So long did Clytie sit gazing after her lost happiness that her limbs became rooted in the ground and she was transformed into a sunflower

So Goes th

A Boat, a Ball, a Bat

e English Summer

ing-Dress, a Horse, a Bow and Arrow

(1) Swimming: the Runnymede Pageant Ball Committee meet at Great Fosters

(2) Miss Virginia Barnato, Mr. Thomas Marks, Miss Patty Bevis, and Mr. Ronald Warlow on the diving-board

(3) Sailing: the Royal Naval Engineering College whaler-racing in Plymouth Sound

(4) Cricket: Cambridge fielding against Notts at Fenner's Ground, Cambridge

(5) Tennis: Mr. Pilkington and Miss Susan Henderson off to play, at Great Fosters

(6) Polo: Captain T. C. Roark making a goal shot for the Knaves when they won the Buenos Ayres Cup

(7) More Bathing: Benita Hume and Joan Gardner by the Barn Club pool

(8) Archery: Miss Mollie Selwyn, Misses P. and R. Musson, Miss Grizel Stewart, Miss Marie Symons-Jeune

(9) Racing: the Wray Maiden Plate at Lingfield, which was won by Compôte

A Lovely Débutante

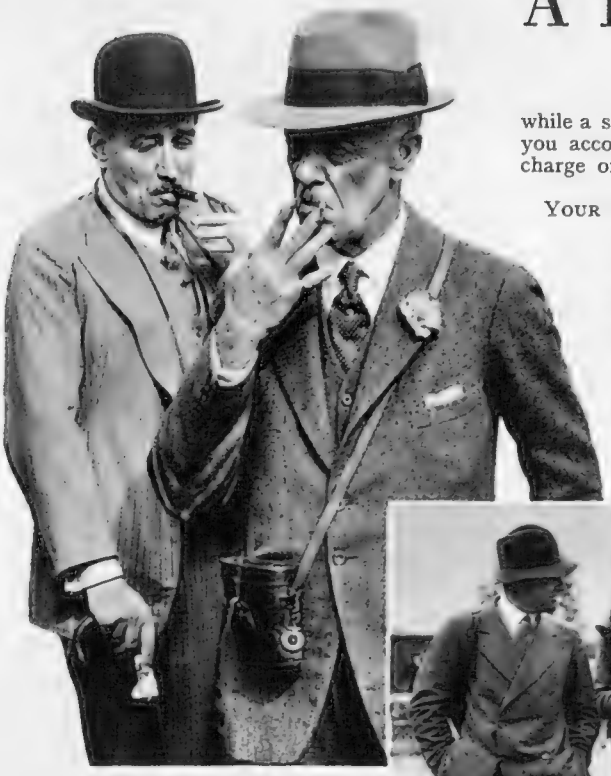
Miss Susan Henderson

Photographs by Peter North

Miss Susan Henderson is the elder of the Hon. Mrs. Alec Henderson's two daughters, and a granddaughter of the late Lord Faringdon. Her father, the Hon. Alec Henderson, died three years ago. Miss Henderson, who is nineteen this year, is one of the loveliest of the débutantes, and one of the most popular, being as gay, charming and unself-conscious as she is attractive-looking. Her mother presented her at the Second Court, and gave a dance for her a fortnight ago, at Mrs. Guy Wilson's house in Grosvenor Square. To this all her numerous cousins went: Arnold Hendersons, including her deb. cousin, Miss Daphne Henderson, Philip Hendersons, Butler-Hendersons, and Schreibers. She herself was wearing the dress in which she was photographed — silk lace, over silver lamé. Mrs. Alec Henderson has a house in Prince's Gate, as well as Windlesham Park, Surrey

A Racing Reverie: By "Regular"

Derby Delights



Sir Victor Sassoon (left), the well-known owner and breeder of racehorses, is also interested in pony-racing. He was photographed at a Northolt Park meeting with Dr. Redwood White

THIS week, in company with a number of other wise men, I go racing in supreme comfort. On arrival I shall park the Mem on her stall, where she will sit all day, looking like a member of the "Hallelujah" chorus, and I shall then "beetle" off into our Holy of Holies, where no woman may set foot, and have the time of my life.

ROUND about five o'clock I shall reappear, rather flushed and rather broke, and move the Mem from *her* parking-place to the car's parking-place, and home we shall go.

"So Worm has enjoyed himself with bibulous worm friends, reeling from bar to bookmaker, and from bookmaker back to bar, while wife has sat deserted on ridiculous and hard-seated stool of repentance, a prey to the scorching rays of the pitiless sun. Worm will laugh on other side of his face when he gets letter from Mr. Ladbroke next Monday, and finds that home, which wife has slaved to keep decent, will have to be sold up. As car must be sold with rest of Worm's belongings, Worm had best not smash it up in ditch, trying to show off before disgusting worm friends; or perhaps Worm is deliberately trying to murder wife, who has given best years of her life in keeping Worm out of clutches of Tattersall's Committee."

THAT, my friends, is briefly how *I* shall do the Derby. Others, I am afraid, will not spend quite such a blissfully happy day, compelled to do the meeting en famille.

WE will now assume that you have made the journey from London and are parking your car, which, by this time, resembles a kettle which has been left on the fire for an hour or so. A number of gipsies, with babies borrowed for the occasion, tell you that you have a lucky face, though they omit to tell you when the luck will change; while a small boy, armed with a stick, offers you accommodation at the very reasonable charge of a penny.

YOUR party consists of your father and mother, Aunt Emily, your sister, and yourself. Your father's one desire is to get to the paddock to see the celebrities, both equine and otherwise, and off you go on the long trek.

ON the way, Aunt Emily suggests watching the Derby from Tattenham Corner. In an effort to be considered a "good sport," she has made the same suggestion for years—in the same way she always wants to watch the National "from one of the jumps." Her suggestions are invariably ignored.

WE are now in the paddock, and your father is already five pounds poorer. You compare this extravagance with the Government's purchase of the Codex Sinaiticus, realising, a trifle sadly, that whenever you try and "touch" him you will be reminded of the day on which he paid your entrance to the paddock.

ALMOST immediately you begin to pick out the big noises, and your father, who, in his youth, can never have moved without his autograph-book, is completely in his element.

"THERE goes Easton, and there goes Weston. Weston 's won it twice, but Easton may get one back on him this afternoon. Yes, dear, Easton belongs to Lord Woolavington and Weston to Lord Derby, who have also both won it twice. No, dear; if either of them wins it a third time it does *not* become their own property, like the Hockey Cup at school."

"LET 's go and see what 's happening in that corner under the trees. No, it 's definitely *not* a bull-fight, though that small boy who came whistling through the air certainly looked as if he 'd been tossed by a bull."

"OH, no; all that 's happening is that they 're trying to put a saddle on Colombo; yes, and look, there 's Lord Glanely. Yes, dear, of course, Colombo is the one which is doing all the kicking."

WE move on and see both Umidwar and Windsor Lad, but your father will not stand for either of these, as both have a "W" in them. You remind him that once he would not take a house at the sea without one, and are told that horses and houses are very different things.

THESE horses belong respectively to two great Indian sportsmen in H.H. the Aga Khan and H.H. the Maharaja of Rajpipla. The Aga Khan is a great religious figure in the East, and an extremely popular one in the West. The Maharaja is much liked in both hemispheres.

YOU see Mr. and Mrs. "Lucky" Dewar, the owners of Mediæval Knight and Lo Zingaro, and you see Fred Darling, who trains both these horses and Easton as well, and you think that he is a very little man to train so many.

YOU comment on Tommy Hogg's prematurely white hair, but realise that he 's remarkably lucky to have any at all if Colombo always behaves like this. Training Colombo must be a chancey business. His jockey, Johnstone, however, appears not in the least disturbed. Colombo invariably sobers down when he sees Johnstone and realises that the annoying preliminaries are over and the real business is about to begin.

AND here, my friends, I will leave you for the moment, but before I shut up I am going to make a request. Two months ago Eric Foster, one of the bravest steeplechase jockeys I have ever seen, met with a grievous accident. Steeplechase jockeys rarely earn big money, and Foster was no exception. Lady Sibell Lygon and I have therefore started a fund to tide him over a bad time. Will you, if you back the winner, send along something for him?—either to Lady Sibell Lygon or to "Regular," THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

In Ireland: the Two-Day May Meeting at Limerick

Mr. John O'Brien, Sir Timothy O'Brien's nephew, Mrs. Desmond Fitz-Gerald, Lady Charles Cavendish, and Mrs. John O'Brien, who was Miss Brassey, walking round at the Limerick meeting

Mr. Geoffrey Gilpin, the Curragh owner and trainer, with Mrs. Ion Villiers-Stuart, wife of the Master of the West Waterford Hunt

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

It seems rather incongruous to be tapping my typewriter on the banks of the River Avon, but that, I must admit, is what I am doing, and very much against the grain it goes. Still, I cannot disappoint my Public, and, anyway, the fish are not moving.

As you may have guessed, this is the Mayfly season, and I am after the big trout which stick their incautious nebs up at this time of year. Unfortunately, the weather is very bright and the water is phenomenally low and clear, so that the fish are mighty hard to deceive. It means a choice between using 4x-gut and having no command over your trout, or persevering with 2x and rising no fish. Rather disappointing, though we have had one beautiful trout of 3 lb. 9 oz., and another of 3 lb.; and we have seen one of at least 7 lb. weight—a fearsome beast indeed. You would be unwise to tackle these monsters on 4x-gut, though, with heavy beds of weed about.

But I 'm not complaining. The sun may be too powerful for fishing, and the farmers may be screaming for rain, but it is mighty pleasant to sit here and feel the warmth in your bones and look out over the water-meadows and forget all about Bradman

F. C. de Saram

Of St. John's, Colombo, and Keble, Oxford, who has been given his Cricket Blue

Mr. Haig Thomas, the famous Cambridge coach, now at Oxford, coaching the Oxford Eight for Henley. The two members of the crew are J. Sturrock, in boat, and A. Sciortino

George Dunlap testing the wind once again

Eric McRuvie is palpably in check

Johnny Goodman, of America, caught in a Scottish bunker

Eric Martin Smith, the smiter, all ready to miss a putt

The Amateur Golf Championship

More of H. H. Harris's Victims on page 456

and Lawson Little and Jack Petersen, and the whole crazy world of representative sport.

IT is interesting to note that our cricket Selectors are concentrating on fast bowlers and left-hand batsmen, and we certainly need left-handers to counter the spin of Grimmett and O'Reilly. I hear on the best of authority, incidentally, that Wyatt will captain England, though, after his recent performances, this was pretty well a foregone conclusion.

Woodfull, they tell me, is a little worried about his own form, though he will surely be all right on the great day. As for Bradman, what an innings that was against Middlesex at Lord's—as I suggsted previously, Bradman is letting himself go this trip—no studious piling up of runs and breaking of records, but gallant, almost impudent batsmanship, which we appreciate very highly. We may see another kind of Bradman next Friday, though, and if he doesn't make a packet of runs at Nottingham I shall be very surprised.

After Bradman, the man we most like the look of is Darling, a glorious left-hander, who will rival Frank Woolley in our affections before the tour is over. A grand player, and one to be feared considerably. I can't help thinking, though, that the Australians are a weak bowling side, and that if Hammond is really fit—an important proviso, this—England should retain the Ashes quite comfortably.

ALL sorts of rumours reach me about the Rugby football situation in France. The authorities there are breathing fire and slaughter, they say, and the newly formed International Rugby Federation may ban visits to the Continent by British clubs. Well, that is all to the good. A few British clubs may be sore at missing occasional jaunts abroad, but the general feeling is that we are well out of a complicated situation.

Right: D. N. Jones (Columbia University, U.S.A., and Clare College, Cambridge) and G. C. Frank (Duke University, U.S.A., and St. John's College, Oxford), the rival Captains in the recent inter-'Varsity lawn tennis match, which Oxford won for the first time since 1929

American 'Varsity Captains

Below: George Duckworth, the Lancashire and England wicket-keeper, who has lately had his benefit at Old Trafford, when his county drew with Surrey

A new partnership which did well in Paris. H. W. Austin and C. E. Hare, on the far side of the net, playing against L. Hebda and Tloczynski, of Poland. The English pair won 6-3, 6-2, 6-4

BEFORE I end, there are three things to which I should like to call your attention. The first is "Tom Walls' Sportsmen's Fund," run by Mr. Walls in aid of the funds of the British Empire Cancer Campaign. Obviously, there 's no need for me to stress the vital importance of this work, but I think Mr. Walls' appeal should be of particular interest to readers of this page. We are accustomed to giving Mr. Walls a sympathetic hearing, and this time his supporting cast, or committee, is a particularly strong one. The Earl of Derby is Chairman, and working with him are such well-known sporting personalities as Sir Louis Greig, Viscount Malden, and the Earl of Westmorland.

If you feel like helping this very excellent cause, contributions will be most gratefully received if addressed to "Tom Walls' Sportsmen's Fund," 115, Park Street, W.1.

THEN there is a most cheerful and entertaining book—*The Cream of Cricket*, by William Pollock (Methuen; 5s.)—which I commend to your attention. Mr. Pollock has cast a shrewd though benevolent eye upon the world of cricket for some forty years, and is now one of our most stimulating newspaper critics. He has any amount of good stories to tell, and he tells them in the liveliest possible manner. Some of his appreciations of great players—Frank Woolley, for example—are delightful; his comments on current affairs are full of sound sense; this is, in short, just the sort of vivid, intelligent stuff that will appeal to cricket enthusiasts of all kinds and conditions.

FINALLY, let me remind you that Sir Harry Preston's Boxing Show will take place at the Dome, Brighton, on June 9th, when all the stars will appear in the ring and "do their stuff," in aid of the Royal Sussex Hospital.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JUNE

Name { Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

.....

Sussex Salzburg

The First Night of the Mozart Festival at Glyndebourne

Above: Sir Robert Abdy, Princess Otto von Bismarck, Mr. Cecil Beaton, Miss Olga Lynn, Mrs. Myrtle d'Erlanger, and Mr. Ford in the interval of "Figaro," which was given on the opening night down at Glyndebourne

Left: Mlle. Lisa Minghetti, the lovely Viennese violinist, talking to Mr. Herbert Meyers, outside Mr. John Christie's new opera house

Lady Diana Duff Cooper and Mr. Maurice Baring were in the first-night audience. The Festival, with "Figaro" and "Cosi Fan Tutte" given on alternate nights, continues until the end of this week

Below: Captain Malcolm Bullock, Princess Hohenlohe, and Lady Snowden in the gardens, where the audience can walk during the intervals

Lady Diana Abdy and Lord Gage discussing the performance. All the critics agree over the excellence of the singing, playing and production of the two Mozart operas, which Fritz Busch conducts and Carl Ebert produced

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Mr. John Collier's New Novel

By A. G. Macdonell

WHAT fun! Mr. John Collier has been at it again. *His Monkey Wife* was a capital bit of ironical fooling, and when he published his second novel, which was one of those peeps into the future that Mr. Wells made so fashionable at one time, there were many who cried that another good man had gone wrong. But Mr. Collier has staged a grand come-back in *Defy the Foul Fiend* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is a return to his earlier manner of blandly artificial wit, of gloriously stilted fooling, of utterly inconsequential happenings. The opening sentence strikes the note: "Lord Ollebeare had a face like a coat-of-arms." And a grand old man his Lordship was. He lived hard and he died hard, the same superb death as the old Forsyte. After being warned by a doctor against alcohol, and clapped into a nursing home, he escaped and went to a restaurant, where he had a brandy and soda, two sherries, a dozen and a-half oysters, a bottle of champagne, a bottle and a-half of Hermitage, lobster, chicken, saddle of lamb, cheese, and a cigar. And when the waiter came with a bill for seven pounds five shillings, Lord Ollebeare was dead.

The hero is his Lordship's illegitimate son, Willoughby, a soul of unsurpassed simplicity who has been brought up in the country by butlers and housekeepers. He falls into the most dreadful predicaments and is duly rescued by a benign providence. Nor are his adventures solely physical. He goes mad on Dostoyeffsky. He discusses Picasso with strange gentlemen in Chelsea. And he is inclined to regulate his conduct by an intensive study of the novelists, essayists, and poets of the 'nineties. But in the main, he is concerned with the extraordinary, baffling, hideous enigma of Woman. Sometimes his experiences are successful, sometimes not. But always Willoughby is immensely entertaining. Mr. Collier is one of those rare—in both senses of the word—souls who never write down a sentence without thinking about it. You can almost see the lapidary at work, choosing each little word and balancing each little sentence and fitting them all together, and sighing with content as each little work of art falls into place. And as Mr. Collier happens to be one of the foremost wits of the age, there is a flickering borealis of fun on every page. For instance, what could be more delicious than this, for a reflection of a man who is meeting his girl at six o'clock and is longing for the time to pass: "If only that damned Joshua had not stopped the sun an hour, I should now be one hour nearer to six o'clock."

Defy the Foul Fiend is very great fun, and as soon as Mr. Collier gets rid of his stupid complexes about the introduction of anatomy and lavatories, he will be doing himself and his readers a great service. Both he and Mr. Linklater are apt to do themselves an injustice by harping on vulgarity. Heaven knows they can be funny enough without that, and there are very few people about whom that can be said.

IT is, perhaps, a little unfair to go straight from Mr. Collier to another novel which has been highly praised for its wit: *Glory Jam*, by Miss Caroline Seaford. Because Miss Seaford's book is not witty in the sense of the other. It is very smart, and very snappy, and extremely readable. But there is nothing in it that is liable to make a man burst into an irrepressible guffaw in a club silence-room, as there is over and over again in *Defy the Foul Fiend*. However, having admitted the unfairness of the comparison, let me hasten to make amends by saying that for a first novel it shows astonishing ease and competence. Indeed, I cannot help wondering if Caroline Seaford is not a pseudonym of an old hand at the subtle art of blowing felicitous bubbles of nonsense. *Glory Jam* is by no means a classic, but it is a grand book for a holiday, and I cordially recommend it.

Swaebe

Mr. Roscoe Brumner (author of "Whither Germany?"), dining at the Monseigneur Restaurant with Princess Paul Troubetskoy

WHAT a man was *The O'Gorman Mahon*, by Denis Gwyn (Jarrolds: 18*s.*). He was the traditional Irishman. Not your cold, political-minded realist of to-day, but the wild, irrepressible, gorgeous mass of nonsense that is supposed to be typical of the race. I am not going to be drawn into an argument about which is the truer type. All I am going to say is that the O'Gorman Mahon was an exciting character. He was a rich young landowner in 1828, when there was a by-election in Co. Clare, and he practically forced the great Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, to contest the seat in the cause of Catholic Emancipation. Mahon was the spearhead of the whirlwind campaign in the constituency, and O'Connell won. The following year the Duke of Wellington surrendered over Emancipation. The O'Gorman went to Westminster himself later on, and was enchanted with London Society. He made love, speeches, and enemies, quite impartially and recklessly, and fought altogether in eighteen duels. Growing tired of politics, he went abroad and soldiered in Continental armies, particularly in the army of the Tsar. Thence he drifted to South America, and is alleged to have been a Uruguayan general, a Chilean admiral, and even for a short time to have held the archbishopric of Brazil. At sixty-eight he volunteered for service in the Prussian Army against France, and seventy found him a director of financial enterprises in the City of London. But even at that the wheel had not turned full circle. There was one more vicissitude in store. Exactly fifty years after the historic by-election, The O'Gorman Mahon was elected as Member for Clare. He had been in the House before many of the Members had been born.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, creator of the immortal Musketeers, was the son of the son of a French marquis and a West Indian negress and he was born in the little village of Villers-Cotterets, in 1802. The story of how he went to Paris as a young man, with the profound conviction that he was a great playwright, is told in Mr. G. R. Pearce's *Dumas Père* (Duckworth; 2*s.*). It was this profound conviction that made him work incessantly, and hammer at every door, until at last he hammered his way into the Parisian theatre. Then he became rich and famous, and swaggered in gaudy clothes on the Boulevards. But it was not until he started his partnership with Auguste Maquet, in 1839, that the period of the great romances began. It was a perfect partnership. Maquet dug up the facts, verified the history, collected the material. Dumas breathed the life and the colour into it all. Dumas got all the fame, but Maquet did not mind. He was sensible enough to know that he could not have done it by himself. The *Musketeers* came out in 1844 and was a roaring success from the very start. *Monte Cristo* was even more successful. "Crowds clustered around the newspaper offices waiting for the next instalment." The demand for his work became so enormous that the "factory" was instituted. Fifty or sixty books a year were turned out, most of which Dumas never even saw. It was a scandalous system, but for a time everyone was satisfied. It came to an end in time, though, and Dumas died in poverty. He may have been a literary swindler, but everything can be forgiven to the man who created the Musketeers.

A General View of Lord's Cricket Ground with a Test Match in Progress

Pity Our Poor Selectors—the Men and Their Problems

Mr. P. Perrin

Mr. T. Higson

Sir Stanley Jackson

1. The Tangle of the Test Matches

By Howard Marshall

Let me start by saying, in the best funeral oration manner, that I come to praise the Selectors, not to bury them. This, after all, is a critical week. Next Friday, the first Test Match begins at Nottingham; the English Selectors will have taken the plunge, and by their works we shall know them.

As a matter of fact, we know them very well already. Sir Stanley Jackson, Mr. P. Perrin and Mr. T. Higson—three good men with a load of mischief, whose judgment we are prepared to accept without question.

I must admit, though, that I feel sorry for them. Presumably they will survive the season without my unsolicited sympathy, but inevitably they will come in for more than their fair share of heavy criticism, some of it well informed, but most of it merely stupid and ignorant.

Our readiness to find fault always amazes me. Whenever an English team is fairly and squarely beaten at any game, we immediately throw bricks at the Selectors. An odd habit, for unless we are in the inner councils of the game ourselves, we may take it that the Selectors know more about the players than we do. And skill is not the only important factor; temperament and physical fitness have also to be considered; and this is where special knowledge comes in.

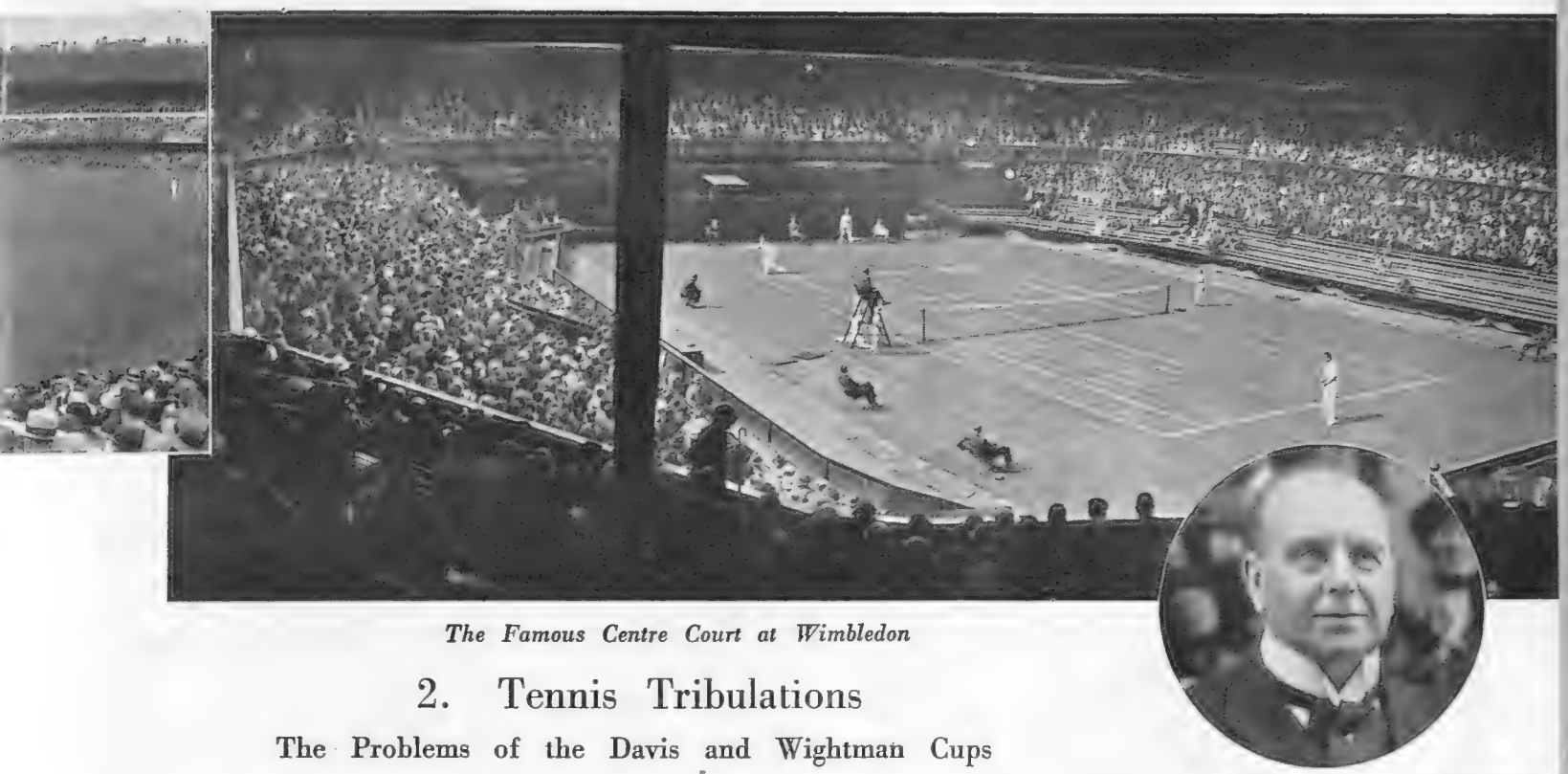
Cast your eye, then, over the qualifications of the three courageous men who will see to it, we hope, that England retain the Ashes.

First, Sir Stanley Jackson, himself one of the greatest Test Match players England have ever had. He was never able to go to Australia, but in this country he made a reputation as a player perfectly suited for the great occasion; a batsman who could always be relied upon in a crisis. He made hundreds of runs against Australia, and he made them beautifully, for he was a great exponent of the cut, and his driving on both sides of the wicket was fluent and powerful. He took pains, mind you, as all outstanding batsmen have done. There was nothing rash about him, no flaunting brilliance, no flash-in-the-pan virtuosity. He played himself in, and treated each ball as a separate problem to which there was an orthodox and correct answer. He could bowl, too, at medium pace—you have heard, I expect, of that historic over of his at Nottingham in 1905, when Hill and Noble seemed to be firmly rooted, until Sir Stanley went on. Then—imagine the excitement—Noble was caught at the wicket off his first ball, Hill was clean bowled by the fourth, and Darling just touched the sixth and was snapped up in the slips! May this memory be a good augury for the coming Test—Woodfull, Ponsford and Bradman will make excellent substitutes for Darling, Hill and Noble.

Those were great days in which Sir Stanley Jackson excelled—think of the England team which lost the Ashes—MacLaren, C. B. Fry, Jessop, Jackson, "Ranji," Lilley, J. T. Tyldesley, Rhodes, Braund, Hirst, Lockwood. The golden age indeed, when such a team could be beaten; but then Australia had Victor Trumper, Trumble, Trott, S. E. Gregory, as well as Hill, Noble and Darling.

We may agree, therefore, that Sir Stanley Jackson has credentials, and that his opinion of a cricketer is to be respected. To this we may add a clear-thinking and well-balanced mind, and a delightful personality.

(Continued on page ii)



The Famous Centre Court at Wimbledon

2. Tennis Tribulations

The Problems of the Davis and Wightman Cups

By Vernon Woodhouse

I UNDERSTAND that my friend, Mr. Howard Marshall, is having his say about those unhappy individuals, the Selectors for the Cricket Test teams, and that I am expected to carry on the subject by referring to those Lawn Tennis Selectors whose duty it is to pick our supposedly best for the Davis and Wightman Cups. Like all cricket enthusiasts, Mr. Howard Marshall has no particular use for lawn tennis as a game; but I think he will agree with me when I say, comparing the two tasks, that the labour of the Lawn Tennis Selectors is far and away the more thankless.

Let me admit at once that, so far as the Davis Cup is concerned, the selection of the team possesses fewer difficulties than at cricket, for instead of eleven players to pick, there are, at most, only four to be chosen for the Davis Cup, if one excludes a non-playing Captain.

The public take it for granted that, health permitting, Perry and Austin will be our two Singles players; but it must not be forgotten that this easy selection is due to the prescience of the Lawn Tennis Association as a whole in discovering and fostering talent. It is the spade-work in the past which now makes lighter the labours of H. Roper Barrett, F. R. L. Crawford, T. M. Mavrogordato, A. D. Prebble and F. T. Stowe, who constitute the Selection Committee, a quintette who well know that though lawn tennis players may be born they have also to be made.

BEFORE referring to their difficulties, let us consider the records of the men who constitute this committee. They may all be described as players of pre-war vintage, but are none the worse for that. H. Roper Barrett played in America in the first Davis Cup tie and at a time when the net was held up by guy-ropes, and a Windsor chair on a couple of packing cases was considered good enough for an umpire. As a player, he was as artful as a cart-load of monkeys, and, in partnership with the late A. W. Gore, he won the Doubles Championship in 1909, and with C. P. Dixon in 1912. He also reached the challenge round in the Singles in 1911.

F. R. L. Crawford is not quite so pre-war, for he won the All-England Plate at Wimbledon in 1919. He has had much experience of play overseas, and on court always reminded me of a pertinacious terrier. His enthusiasm for the game is unbounded, and even a snowstorm will not stop him sitting out on a very damp seat watching every stroke played in a trial match.

Theodore Michael Mavrogordato, to give him his full name, though he is known to one and all in the tennis world as "Mavro," is an old Oxford Blue and an old International and Davis Cup player who always combined brain with strokes. His thirst for information is as unappeasable as Kipling's elephant's child. As proof of this the story is told—it may be only ben trovato—that when he joined up in 1914 he stopped the drill when the sergeant said "Form fours" to ask why! His photograph on this page is, of necessity, an early one for the reason that he hasn't been taken for years. Now his appearance suggests less hair and more curves.

A. D. Prebble was one of our best doubles players and, with various partners, has won Doubles Championships galore. I hesitate to say how often he, in partnership with Mrs. Geen (née Dora Boothby), has walked off with the Mixed Doubles at various tournaments.

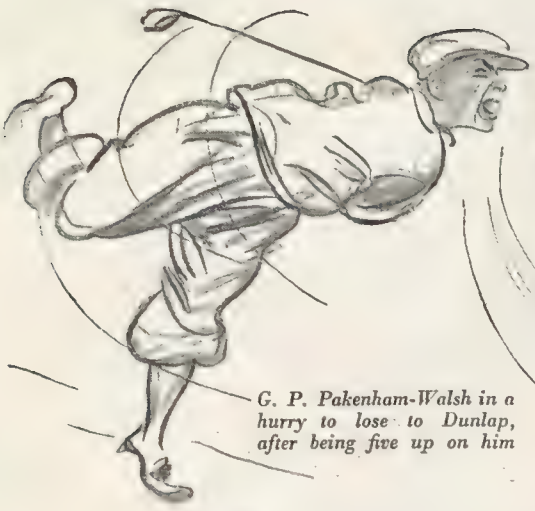
The final member of the quintette is F. T. Stowe, who, though not an old International, has represented Middlesex on many occasions, was the Secretary of the county L.T.A. for ten years, and is a thoroughly good judge of relative form. In private life he is a member of Lloyds, but this does not imply that he will accept risks when selecting teams.

As I have said, the Singles

(Continued on page ii)

Mr. F. R. Leighton Crawford

Reading downwards: Mr. H. Roper Barrett, Mr. T. M. Mavrogordato, Mr. A. D. Prebble, and Mr. F. T. Stowe



G. P. Pakenham-Walsh in a hurry to lose to Dunlap, after being five up on him

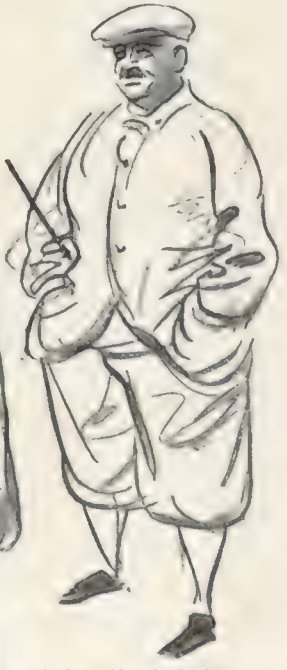
S. L. McKinlay out for a drive

Willie Murray seen playing a run-up

Gordon Peters (Fereneze), one of the most promising of the younger school who gave the winner a good fight in the fifth round

Lawson Little, of America, the winner, and James Wallace, of Scotland, the loser

Leslie Garnett, the smiter



Robert Harris is just having a look round

Stanley Lunt smiles

Players at Prestwick

Our Special Artist, H. H. Harris, caricatures some of the personalities in the Amateur Championship

WHEN FRIENDS MEET

"Now then, I'll tell you a good one"
— one well worth repeating, like

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Dry work shouting home the winner—particularly if it's not yours. But for consolation—or, better, celebration—there's the 'best thing' of the day at the bar . . . with glorious, sparkling

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

SEE how they DANCE

Swaebe

Carioca Style—Head to Head—Walter Crisham and Greta Nissen

Swaebe

(1) Miss Inez Quilter and Mr. John Dewar—heads up, eyes bright: their dance goes pleasantly. (2) Prince George and Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore — serious, as befits the Royal patron of a ball and the chairman's daughter. (3) Lord Stavordale and Mrs. Philip Kindersley—his hand well spread on her shoulders, her face close to his shirt-front. (4) The King of Greece and Miss Carol Coombe—with speed and sureness: he holds his partner firmly round the waist. (5) Lady Nunburnholme and Lord Beatty—he very straight-armed, and as determined as ever. (6) Mr. and Mrs. Jack Barclay—cheerful, conversational, moving slowly round together

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Betty Nicholas

Lassano

The Hon. Joan Acton

Miss Betty Nicholas, of Melbourne, was presented at the Second Court by Mrs. J. H. Thomas. She wore ivory silk net with silver rayon-design embroidery. The Hon Joan Acton, Lord Acton's fourth sister, wore a white chiffon dress and train

Tunbridge

Miss Susan Bligh

The Hon. Mrs. Bligh's daughter wore a classical satin dress, and silver train

Peter North

Miss Cherry Pinckard

Tunbridge

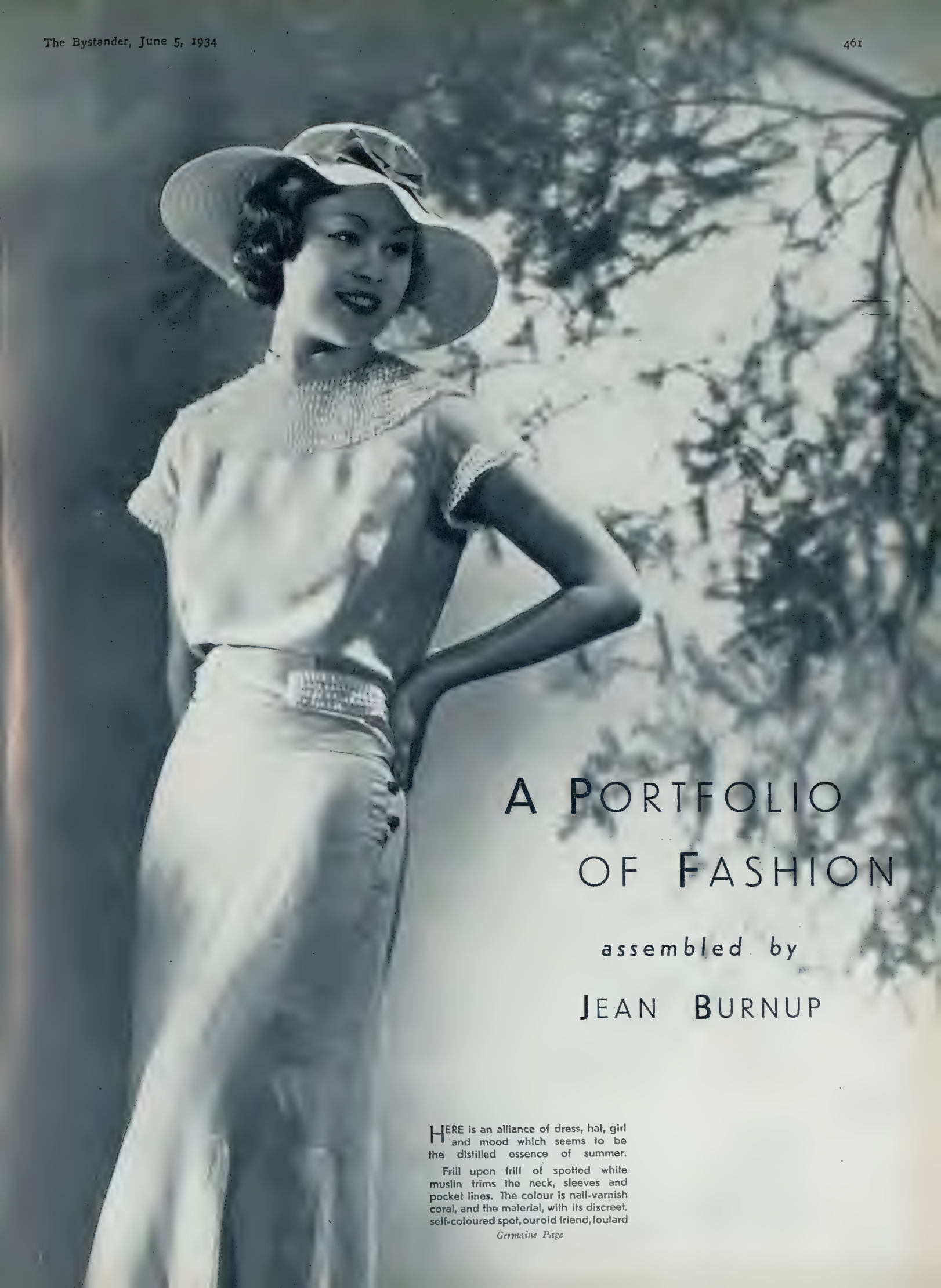
Miss Elizabeth Hacking

The Rt. Hon. Douglas Hacking's daughter broke away from the usual white and silver for debs, and wore a Corot blue ribbed satin dress. She was presented by Mrs. Douglas Hacking at the Second Court

Left: Miss Cherry Pinckard is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard. Her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Jock Leslie, presented her. Her dress was of pearl and crystal embossed white satin, with a chiffon-lined train

Feathers and Trains and Veils

Five Débutantes in Court Dress



A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

assembled by

JEAN BURNUP

HERE is an alliance of dress, hat, girl and mood which seems to be the distilled essence of summer.

Frill upon frill of spotted white muslin trims the neck, sleeves and pocket lines. The colour is nail-varnish coral, and the material, with its discreet self-coloured spot, our old friend, foulard

Germaine Page

Bond Street and Roundabout

A MENACE walked down the street. She had classical features and Joan Crawford eyes. She was a menace because the man driving me took his eyes off the wheel, off the road, off everything. His head turned round on a pivot. He took a long look, and said, with satisfaction, "That 's Primrose Salt."

She looked as lovely as the morning, but why did she wear no stockings, and what business is it of mine? Perhaps it was our mistake; perhaps it was not Primrose Salt at all. Perhaps she had stockings on, so fine that her legs looked bare. You see, I am full of alibis.

The fine days have brought out many ankles and calves that should be glamoured over with stockings.

I used to pretend it was cool and comfortable to wear no stockings with town clothes, but it isn't. It is fine for the beach and running around the countryside, when your feet are in canvas sandals, but bare feet don't rest so happily in city shoes,

There are three reasons why bare ankles look wrong with town clothes. One, it is ugly. Two, it is ugly. Three, it is ugly.

* * *

THE first automatic lipstick I ever had was given to me years ago by an American "fan" magazine sob-sister, who said she had had it from Lupe Velez.

It seemed, for a long while, to be exclusive to me, and I wore it out not so much by using it, but by showing my friends how it worked.

Now, of course, automatic lipsticks are all over the place. One of the nicest is Elizabeth Arden's, in engine-turned gilt, with a little jewel sliding the stick up and down.

For oneself it is a pleasant purchase. In a box with a square compact to match, it becomes a definite presentation, an idea to help you out of the what-to-give-the-bridesmaids present last-minute quandary.

When you are in a place like Elizabeth Arden's, it is irritating to remember you are honest.

It would be fine to be a gangster and take what you wanted. Here are some of the things I saw, noted, envied, and left behind: a little light-weight travelling-case snugly packed with powder, day-cream, cleansing and nourishing creams, skin tonic, muscle oil, tissues, cotton-wool, and the lid forms a mirror; pack it in your suit-case on your travels, and have the face to face any difficult situation. . . . A tube of cream which is really soap and lathers in the hardest water. . . . A gift box with five different powders to wear with five different colours (14s. 6d.). . . . Two little bottles

TWO of the miracles to be found at Marshalls' Débutante department; these are 30/- each, the first in print with new sleeves, the second in crackle silk with a good line

By

JEAN BURNUP

of perfume, living together in a case, one for day—this is their new perfume, " For Her "—and one for night (£1 1s.).

It was clever of them to improve their bath-crystals by making them round and flat. Guess why.

* * *

A LITTLE way along there is a window full of elegant grips and suit-cases, which yawn invitingly, so that we feel we must set out to-morrow on our travels.

This is Finnigans, and inside they have some pleasant notions for table decoration.

Being nautically minded when ashore, I was taken with the little model yachts, battleships, cruisers, canoes, every sort of craft you can think of, which you place on a mirror, set in the centre of the dining-table, and pretend you are afloat. When you are bored with the idea, send the models up to the nursery.

They used to disguise electric lights as candles. Now the people who work these things out disguise candles as electric lights.

I saw some attractive candles in containers which are also ash-trays, moulded in the form of modern lamps.

There are also short, long, very fat, round and square candles; candles disguised as bells, acorns, fir-trees. They look rather fetching on any table, but it seems a shame to light them and lose them.

* * *

DID you ever feel that somebody should do something about providing space for vanishing cream in a flapjack? Somebody has. Finnigans have these powder and cream flapjacks, neat and pretty. They also have flapjacks with little flat clocks let in at the top, so that you can tell how much time you spend on doing your face.

At Asprey's there are flapjacks which start flat at one end, and gradually widen until the other end becomes a round stick with a container for rouge or cream at one end, and lip-rouge at the other. They cost a guinea in coloured enamel, and two guineas in graceful petit point.

Another space-saver in the handbag is the flapjack which is a cigarette-case underneath: 25s.

* * *

WHEN a baby or anything very small and helpless comes on to the cinema screen, the audience makes ecstatic noises.

I had to stop myself from making such a noise when I saw Asprey's travelling-case for babies.

It is white washable leather, smart as you like, and opens to show all those little celluloid boxes and equipment on which the modern baby sets such store. There is even a funnel for pouring milk or whatever is his particular poison into the feeding-bottle.

When he decides to give up his restless habit of wandering in foreign parts, there is a nice little week-end bag for anyone in the family.

A SUN bib gathered at the neck, a wrap skirt worn over shirts, comfortable sandals, a roomy bag to hold tanning oil, swim suit, towel, a woolly jumper just in case . . . all she wants now is the sun

Harvey Nicho's, Cruising Dept.

Cannons of Hollywood

Dressing . . .

For Dinner and Talk—

—For Supper and Dancing

A Lucille Paray Gown In blue and white checked moiré, with a blue ciré tie-sash. The sleeves—and what sleeves!—are cut in one with the neck. The back is left unexpectedly bare, like an afterthought

From Lelong. Clear lilac stiffened chiffon, gently flounced at the neck and the basque. Preferably for the fairly young

It's 'CELANESE' that's the beauty of it
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Golfers at Home

Captain's Prize Meeting at Kilmarnock (Barassie) Golf Club, Ayrshire

(1) A. B. Ferguson (Captain) and Mungo Duncan (Hon. Secretary). (2) George P. Bryce (ex-President, Scottish Golfing Union) and R. C. Shaw. (3) R. Davie and A. F. Forsyth. (4) A. F. Cairns Smith and A. Inglis. (5) G. Begg and N. Dick. (6) C. A. Kidd and J. Scott. (7) H. F. Willock, C. J. Morton, F. A. Need. (8) A. D. Minty and J. W. Kidd

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The CRESTED EAGLE

H.P.

Alfonso Marshall Moffat, of South America, displays Argentine beef at Prestwick

Eric Fiddian with knees at work during the play for the Golf Championship

Left: the Marquess of Ailsa about to present the Cup to Lawson Little (U.S.A.), the winner. Above: Cameron Conn, of the Royal and Ancient

Putting at Prestwick

By F. G. L. Fairlie

I WROTE on this page last week that I thought putting would have a great deal to do with the ultimate destination of the Amateur Championship. I wrote those words on the very first day of the event—while Francis Ouimet was having his great battle with Gus Moreland—and it looked, when Moreland finally beat Ouimet, rather as if my prognostication was unlikely to be as true as I had hoped. I am not implying that Moreland is not a good putter: he would not be in the American Walker Cup side if he were not; but he defeated, in Francis Ouimet, the greatest putter of all time. Yet, in spite of this early reverse, the results of the Championship, as a whole, have proved my words to be devastatingly true.

As all the world now knows, Lawson Little, from the U.S.A., has won our Championship, and is only the third foreigner since the war to take the Championship Cup from these shores. Jesse Sweetzer and the immortal Bobby Jones have done it before him, and Little is very worthy to follow in their footsteps.

There were many who took the view, after watching him play at St. Andrews, that Lawson Little was about the best of the American Walker Cup side this year, and it is perfectly true to say that in the final he played golf which was not only unbeatable, but also was probably beyond the abilities of any other competitor in the Championship. Others might conceivably—given a day when Divine Providence was definitely on their side—have emulated the figures, but it was in the way in which Little obtained his figures that lies the unforgettable part of his round. His three in the morning at the famous third hole at Prestwick is typical of the rest. He had a fine drive right down the middle of the course. He hit a truly magnificent second with his brassie, slap into the heart of the green, and he holed a four-yard putt. All through the tournament Little looked as though he was going to hole his four-yard putts—and a great many of them went down.

OF all the competitors—with the possible exception of Leslie Garnett—he struck me as being the most likely to sink putts from any distance, for the ball was beautifully hit on every occasion. I think I can say, without fear of contradiction, that he is about as sound a holer-out of the doubtful putts as any golfer could possibly wish to be. When you come to think of it, this putting ability, when allied to terrific power and also an aptitude for playing delicate pitches, is about as perfect a combination, from the point of view of golf, as mortal man could desire: and all these qualities are undoubtedly Lawson Little's. He was really near defeat on one occasion only, and that was in the semi-final, when Garnett (one of the brightest spots in the Championship, from the British point of view) ran him to the nineteenth hole and might, perhaps, have taken him further. It must be confessed, without in any way taking from Garnett the utmost credit for his brave endeavour, that Little would have been very unlucky to lose this match, for he was dormy one, and Garnett obtained what was (let 's face it) an extremely fortuitous three at the last hole.

Little is a very worthy winner indeed of our Championship. He played magnificent golf right throughout the event, and his demeanour and manner of winning appealed strongly to all of us present as a model of sportsmanship.

WHAT of James Wallace, of Troon, Portland, who was runner-up? Wallace will go down to history for some years, at least, if not for a very long time, as the most humiliated of all runners-up in the Amateur Championship, for the margin by which he was defeated is a record. This is an unenviable notoriety, but one which I venture to suggest he could scarcely avoid. I don't mean that he was bound to suffer a heavy defeat because of the amazing quality of golf played by his opponent, which is, of course, perfectly true, but I do mean this: James Wallace may be slightly better than scratch normally—personally, I would consider him to be an ordinary scratch golfer—but during the Championship, up to that last, tragic day, he was absolutely inspired on the putting green. Actually, he only had to take his putter in his hand for the ball to be hit into the hole, and this is how and why he beat the many eminent personages with whom he had to compete during the earlier rounds.

In my opinion, he was bound to crack, and to crack badly, as soon as his putting deserted him, and it is not possible for any man to putt like he did from the Monday to the Friday, both inclusive, and claim that that is his normal form on the putting green. Daily I expected him to be deserted by his putter, to revert to normal and to fall down before a better player, but this did not happen until the Saturday, when, most unfortunately for Wallace, he found himself up against such terrific fireworks. Let no one deny that James Wallace did nobly, and it was very unfortunate for him that he should have found Lawson Little in such devastating mood.

ALTHOUGH our Championship has gone to America—and, as true Britons, we are all sorry, from this point of view—yet there were certain aspects of the Championship which give one foundation for hope for the future. There was, for instance, the very excellent showing put up by two youngsters, in R. S. Walker, who entered from Royal Aberdeen, and Gordon B. Peters, of Fereneze. Dunlap finally accounted for Walker, but he played well to do so, and Lawson Little beat Peters. But both these defeats did not occur until the fifth round, and both of these players, provided they gain experience on the right lines, should definitely be well in the running for our Walker Cup side two years hence. I trust that they will not be forgotten by a future Selection Committee, and the same applies to Garnett.

It is very well worth pointing out that there was only one British Walker Cup player competing in the fifth round. This was Jack McLean, who was narrowly beaten by James Wallace in a match which one would like to forget, not because of the quality of the golf played, but because of the very unsportsmanlike attitude of a certain section of the spectators, hailing from Troon, who, by their lamentable partisanship, seriously interfered with McLean's chances.

In that same fifth round, however, there was playing T. A. Bourn—who reached the last eight, there to be beaten by the eventual winner. If ever a man did enough in this Championship to confound his detractors, it was Dale Bourn, who proved up to the hilt that his omission from the Walker Cup side was a tragic piece of lunacy. As an eminent American Walker Cup player remarked to me on the subject of British Walker Cup selection: "What on earth is the use of your Championships as a guide to form?"

Finally, may I ask my anonymous correspondent from Lossiemouth to send me his name and address if he desires an answer to his letter?

Real Cocktails begin with

The gay brilliance of the Dorchester attracts the brilliantly gay from both sides of the Atlantic to London. For your delight and amusement every melody, colour, form and delicacy is incomparable . . . as perfect as the Cocktails made by the able and cheery Ernest Cornwell . . . as perfect as the Gin he uses, which is Booth's, the only Gin that is matured.

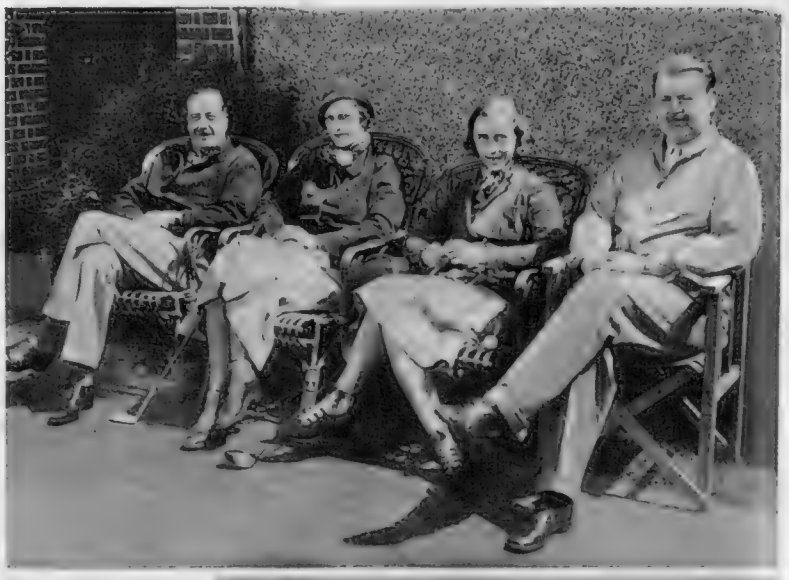
BOOTH'S The Only Matured DRY GIN

Onlookers at Prestwick

Women's Golf

Scores and Selections

By Eleanor E. Helme



Above are Miss Jean McCulloch, Mrs. Greenlees, Mrs. F. G. Neilson, and Mrs. A. Holm (this year's lady golf Champion) among the spectators who watched the Men's Amateur Golf Championship at Prestwick

The Marchioness of Blandford, the Hon. Percy Thellusson, and the Hon. Rupert Beckett, three more competitors in White's Club Golf Handicap

Above, right: Viscount Adare, Lady Victoria Scott, Viscountess Adare, and C. Andrew Scott, competitors in White's Club Golf Club Handicap, which was held at Prince's, Sandwich, Kent

Dear Bystander,

It was nearing bed-time, a few nights ago, when my telephone rang. "Sporting Editor speaking. We 're sorry to bother you, but there 's a score come in that we really don't like to print without verifying. Fifty-nine gross, by Mrs. Alec Gold, at Sunningdale. Is that possible? You can vouch for it? Many thanks."

Now that Sporting Editor was a wise man. Fifty-nine gross does sound just a bit of nonsense, almost incredible; even knowing the shortness of Sunningdale Ladies' does not make it seem very much more probable. But there it was, and is. Mrs. Alec Gold had really and truly only hit that blessed ball nine-and-fifty times in getting round the eighteen holes in the morning medal round of the Invitation Meeting. The par of the course is 65. Miss Molly Gourlay and Mrs. V. G. Davies, who returned 66 apiece, may quite well have thought they had not done too badly; Mrs. Fleming, recovering well from an unsettled start, had not much to complain of in her 69. Ten less than that was truly amazing. Putting boots Mrs. Gold certainly had on, but the rest of her game was perfect too, for that course has any amount of pitfalls for the unwary, and to return thirteen under fours (or five over threes) for its eighteen holes——! Well, I am left epithetless, like Bernard Darwin about Little at Prestwick.

In the afternoon Mrs. Bourn and Miss Gourlay were round in 65 gross, to win the medal foursomes scratch prize. "A very fine score from a very fine couple," as Mrs. Bourn, who has just such a sense of humour and turn of it in speaking as her sons, truly and unblushingly observed when she presented herself and partner with their prizes. A delightful party, this, with Sunningdale at its most bright and beautiful, and so many lovely prizes that it was almost difficult to avoid winning some of them. There really is nothing quite so pleasant as an Invitation Meeting.

Mrs. Alec Gold is in great form just now, for she won the scratch prize at the Beaconsfield meeting with 78, and that takes some doing there. Is riding good for golf? is the obvious query, for Mrs. Gold spends a lot of time nowadays on a pony, with her children, the only difficulty being to know which of them enjoys it the most.

Another double scratch prize-winner of the week has been Mrs. Alec Johnston, who carried off the honours both at the West Byfleet open meeting and the Guildford meeting, open only to members of Surrey clubs. Her recipe for golf seems to have been foreign travel and no golf, for it is not many weeks since she came back from India and disembarked, so to speak, straight on to the first tee for the Surrey Championship, in which she went through to the semi-final.

And are we going to find somebody recommending sea-bathing as the right interlude in serious golf? because Miss Pam Barton, who is a sensible soul, ready to enjoy everything as it comes along, went off with Miss Mary Peech for a swim, at Porthcawl, as soon as the trials of qualifying were safely over. It was so much better than hanging round waiting to know their fate in the draw. The moral of all this, obviously, is that a good time is better than much golf, and happy is she who can have both.

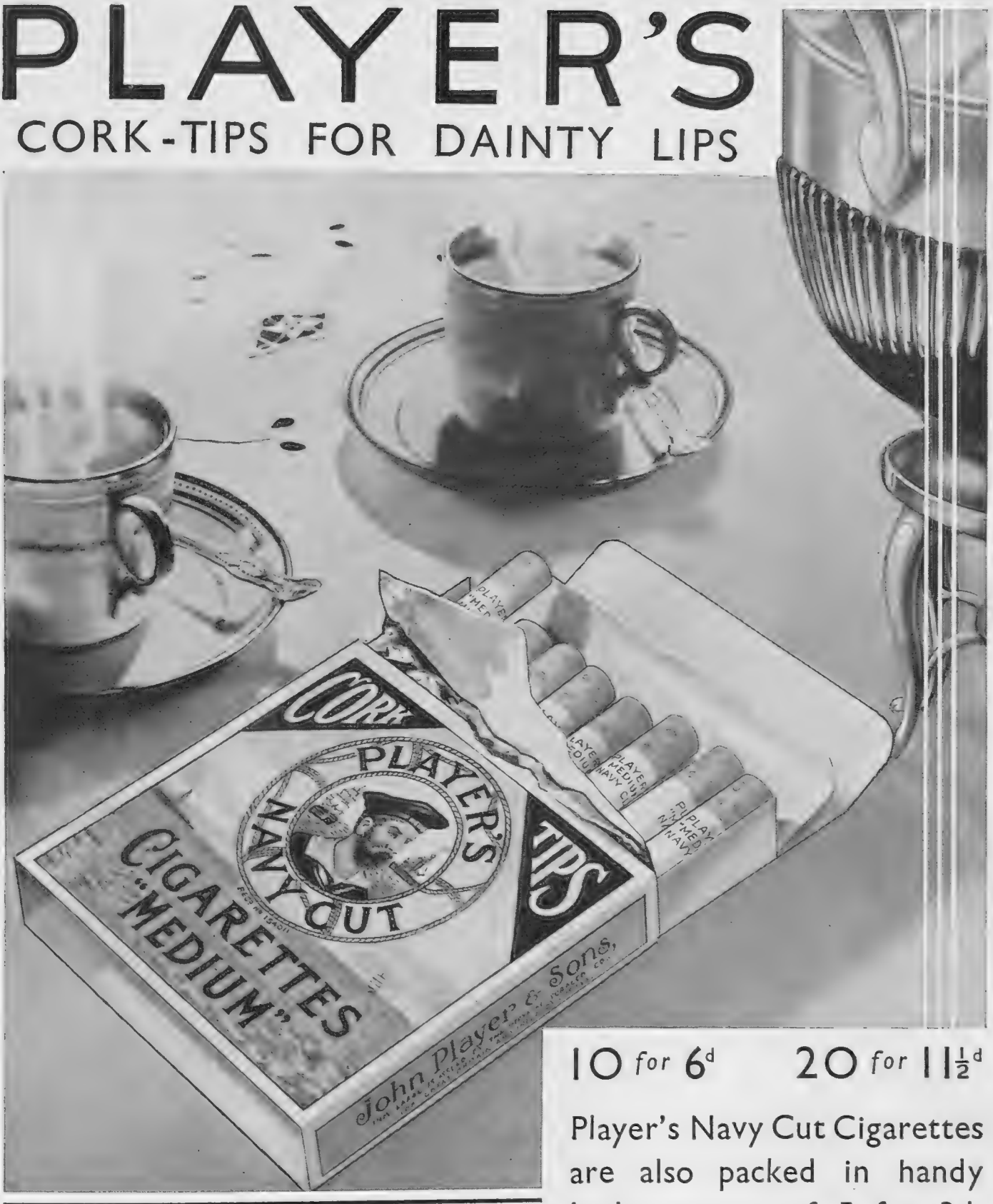
It is no surprise to see Miss Barton's name in the list of players for the Great Britain v. France match, which will be played at Chantilly on June 30th. Her choice was as right and inevitable as that of Mrs. Holm herself, and one can only imagine that the Selection Committee were saved much time and heartburning thereby. Beyond that their path was simply pitted with pot-holes, and one can only express the very deepest sympathy with any individuals to whom was entrusted such a responsibility. If only all the elders had shown themselves still invincible down at Porthcawl; or if, alternatively, all the youngers had established themselves, once and for all, life might have been comparatively simple. As usual, a so-called good old British compromise seems to have been arrived at, in an honest endeavour to please all parties, and that must be taken as an explanation of some things that are puzzling. For instance, Miss Gourlay, who failed in the match-play stages of the Championship, has been dropped; to balance that, Miss Morgan and Miss Fishwick, who likewise failed, have been included. Miss Dorothy Pearson, the English Champion, who failed in the Home Internationals *and* to qualify for the Championship, has been included, but lest anybody should think that undue importance has been attached to the English Championship, Miss Mary Johnson, who was runner-up in that event, and has since won the Yorkshire Championship and all her Home Internationals, has been passed over.

Miss Millicent Couper, the Scottish Champion, is in; Miss Elsie Corlett, who beat her at Porthcawl, is not. Miss Jestyn Jefferey, the Welsh Champion, is in; Miss Craddock Hartopp, who beat her at Porthcawl, is not. To recall these things is not to question the justice or the wisdom, it is only a groping in the dark to try and guess whether past or present form was taken as the guide. It would seem to have been one in some cases, the other in others. We must be content to accept it that each player was judged on her own merits, and it is useless to cavil unless some better method of selecting the Selectors can be evolved.

Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme.

PLAYER'S

CORK-TIPS FOR DAINTY LIPS



10 *for* 6^{d} 20 *for* 11½^{d}

Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes are also packed in handy little cartons of 5 for 3d. Ideal for the lady's handbag.

N.C.C. 207. F.

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The Tangle of the Test Matches

(Continued from page 454)

So far, so good, and of Mr. Perrin and Mr. Higson we may speak with equal confidence, even though they were not so eminent as cricketers. Mr. Perrin—it does no harm to repeat familiar things—bears the reputation of being the best batsman who never played for England, and certainly, when in his prime, he was up to Test Match form. He was superb against fast bowling, and in his time there were some great fast bowlers about. His achievements for Essex are many, and his experience of the game is wide indeed. Straightforward, downright, vigorous, Mr. Perrin will take a firm line and stick to it. He is a man who knows his own mind, a rare virtue, not to be confused with obstinacy.

Mr. Higson also was a good player, and for years he has taken the closest and keenest interest in the game. A great enthusiast is Mr. Higson; no branch of sport seems to come amiss to him. I have seen him as excited about the prospects of a Calcutta Cup match at Murrayfield as he will be about the little affair at Nottingham next Friday, and this zest, this ever-fresh interest, is what we need in a Selector. It is, as I know only too well, very easy to become jaded with watching a game frequently, but Mr. Higson is not worried in this way. He is the most conscientious of Selectors, and as to this capacity for taking pains he adds a wide knowledge of the game, he completes our Selection Committee most satisfactorily.

To my mind, cricket is the most difficult game of all, from the Selectors' point of view. There are so many factors to be reviewed before a team can be well and truly put together. How much notice are the Selectors to take of variations of form, for example? Are they to leave out a player who has struck a bad patch, or drop another who happens to fail in the first Test, though his capabilities are undoubted? Are they to think of the future and encourage the youngsters? Here I think the answer is perfectly clear. It is their job to pick the best available team, and if they decide that we need experienced veterans to beat Australia, then veterans we must have—Hobbs, Hendren, Mead, Woolley, if you like. Never mind about the future—the task in hand is sufficiently severe.

They have other problems—indeed, the list is endless. Suppose, though, that a relatively inexperienced young player suddenly bursts into the limelight with a succession of high scores. The Selectors have to take notice of him—perhaps they see him making runs on an easy wicket against a moderate attack—perhaps, for once, he does not come off. What are they to do about it? Take a chance, in the hope that he is another Bradman or Hammond? Or be cautious, and remember that County and Test Match cricket are very different things, and that young players had better be fledged in Gentlemen and Players matches, and games against such minor representative sides as the West Indies. Will they then be accused of lack of enterprise?

It is all very difficult. I am sorry, I repeat, for the Selectors. They get all the kicks and none of the halfpence. We can only hope that they may disarm criticism by picking teams which will do them credit. And if the teams fail, I really don't think we shall have much call to blame the Selectors.

HOWARD MARSHALL

Tennis Tribulations

(Continued from page 455)

selection offers no problem at all, but when we come to choosing a Doubles pair difficulties arise, because, nowadays, there aren't any pairs. One sighs for the days when the Renshaws, the Baddeleys, the Dohertys, Smith and Riseley, Gore and Barrett (though this combination was a sort of glorified mixed doubles), or Barrett and Dixon would have chosen themselves. It shows how little attention is devoted to this phase of the game that, during the last ten years, no Englishmen have won the Doubles at Wimbledon, and only twice have Englishmen appeared in the final.

Our best pair are Perry and Hughes, and doubtless they would be chosen, but this means that Perry would have to play in all three events, which might jeopardise his chances in the Singles. Yes, that is one difficult problem to solve, but not so difficult as selecting the women for the Wightman Cup team. A year or two ago the mere males on the Lawn Tennis Association, with Machiavellian courtesy, co-opted some ladies to pick a team of their own sex; but this was not a popular move, and it was pretty evident that if there were mistakes to be made, the squeals of indignation over who was chosen and who left out would be less shrill if men made them.

Well, Messrs. Barrett and Co. have my hearty sympathy. A more aggravating collection of women players than our present top-notchers could hardly be found. Include them in the Wightman Cup team and it's odds on their being beaten straight away by someone not picked! Then, at once, the finger of scorn is pointed at the Selectors, and it is plainly hinted that they don't know their job. Unlike the Davis Cup, the Singles players for the Wightman contest are indeed a knotty problem, and those for the Doubles an even worse.

Shall we leave them to it? I think we 'd better, only adding the old, charitable exhortation: "Don't shoot the man at the piano. He 's doing his best!"

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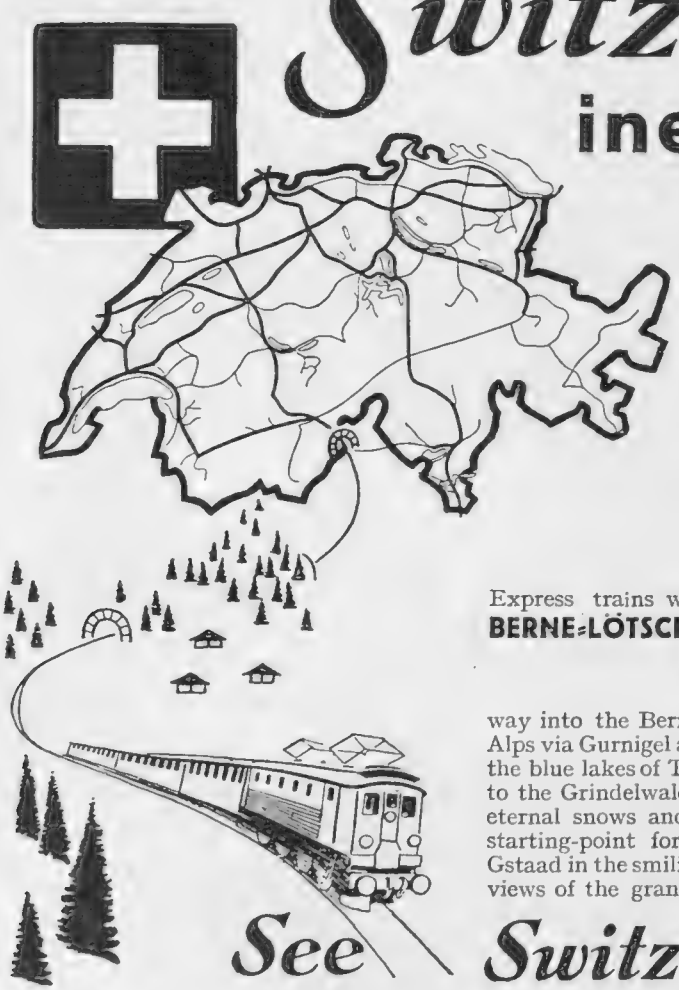

PRICES in Switzerland have been lowered all round to meet present day needs and means. The cost of a Swiss holiday need not be any higher than it was with the exchange at par. Not only are the Hotel rates most moderate, but from the **15th June** until the **15th October,** the Swiss Railways and the Swiss Post Office (Motor Coach Services) will grant a further

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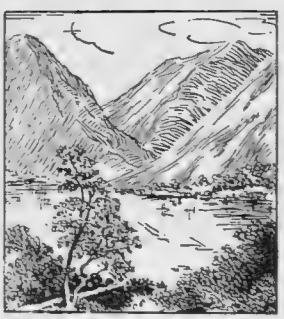

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Flying Without Wings: By Charles Ward

Lord and Lady Londonderry, with members of their family, and friends, photographed on arrival in Northern Ireland. They travelled by Midland and Scottish Air Ferries, the company that operates daily services from London to Liverpool, Belfast and Glasgow

The Aerial Calendar for June

THERE is an Exhibition of air views, photographic maps, cameras, and all the gadgets used by modern surveyors, at Bush House. It has been organised by Aerofilms on behalf of the leading companies specialising in this work, and will remain open until Saturday next, June 9th. *Wings Over Everest*, the film made by Gaumont-British from material taken during the Houston-Mount Everest Expedition, is being shown at the Curzon. Lord Clydesdale, who is in command of one of the Scottish Auxiliary Squadrons, Air-Commodore Fellowes, now a director of an air-transport company, and Colonel Stewart Blacker were members of the party who flew over the Himalayas at their highest point and brought back some of the most wonderful scenic pictures that have ever been taken. The Reading Aero Club is at home, particularly to the ladies, on June 9th, and the R.A.F. Flying Club Display is due at Hatfield on June 16th. It is the latter Club which was initiated by the son of Sir Harry Brittain, who is a flying officer in the R.A.F. Henlys' annual party is to be given at Heston on June 23rd, when the opportunity will be taken of demonstrating the new Avro five-seater saloon to the leading buyers from the provinces. The month ends with the R.A.F. Display at Hendon, on Saturday, the 30th, about which details will be published in succeeding issues.

Finding the Airport

WHAT is the use of telling a foreigner or a provincial that the international airport for London is at Croydon, or telling a Londoner that the airport for Liverpool is at Speke—that for Manchester at Barton? It seems so futile to spend thousands of pounds on airports, neglecting a mere hundred or so on signposts which would make those airports more profitable, for the reason that their position would be known to everyone. I speak as an air-line passenger who has tried to find the way by road to several of our more important municipal airports from the centres of their respective cities. The local belief that it is only necessary to provide the aerodrome for passengers, goods and mails by air to follow, dies hard. Of course, the aerodrome must be cleared and licensed before anything can happen, but its use, and especially its development as a profitable undertaking for the town concerned, depends on the equipment provided and on national publicity. Every

(*Continued on page* vi)

Typical Spreewald Costume

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MOTOR TOURS TO THE BATTLEFIELDS

1. DEPARTURE FROM RHEIMS

TOUR A.—The Battlefields around Rheims and Champagne vineyards, Daily from June 3rd to September 17th (half a day Tour).

TOUR B.—The Battlefields from Rheims to Verdun and back (Champagne, Argonne and the Forts of Verdun) including the visit of the towns of Rheims and Verdun, on Thursdays, Sundays and Holidays from June 14th to September 16th (one day Tour).

TOUR C.—The National Cemetery of Souain (via Cernay, Pont-Faverger, Somme-Py and Navarin Farm Monument) on May 10th, 20th, 21st, August 12th, September 16th and 23rd, November 1st, 2nd and 11th.

2. DEPARTURE FROM VERDUN

TOUR A.—The Forts of Verdun (right bank of the River Meuse), Daily until October 14th, also on October 21st, 28th, November 1st, 4th and 11th (half a day Tour).

TOUR B.—The Battlefields of the left bank of the River Meuse : Le Mort-Homme, Montfaucon, Romagne-sous-Montfaucon (U.S.A. Monument) Varennes-en-Argonne, La Gruerie Wood, Vauquois, la Voie Sacrée on Sundays and Holidays until July 13th, Daily afterwards until October 1st (afternoon Tour).

TOUR C.—The Battlefields of the right bank of the River Meuse (south of Verdun) Haudiomont, Manheulles, Fresnes-en-Woevre, Combres, Crête des Eparges, Hattonchatel, Montsec (U.S.A. Monument) Apremont, Saint-Mihiel, Troyon Fort, Dieue, Haudainville, on Sundays and Holidays until July 13th, Daily afterwards until October 1st (afternoon Tour).

For particulars of fares and information, apply either to Enquiry Office Gare de l'Est, Paris, or to La Maison de France, 101 Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, or to Enquiry Office in Rheims Railway Station and Verdun Railway Station.

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Flying *(continued from page iv)*

town must proclaim the fact that it has the finest aerodrome in the locality, and stress its importance in the air-line scheme for Britain. The sudden activity of this scheme is due more to the enterprise of operators like Hillman, Sword and Thurgood, and to the good sense of de Havillands in producing the Dragon, than to the Government or the municipalities. These operators have made use of any safe landing-ground available, regardless of the lack of amenities, and the Dragon is the only vehicle on the market, backed by a real service organisation, which is also cheap enough to operate without a subsidy. I was at Speke recently when the Prime Minister and his daughter arrived from Lossiemouth, en route for London, by Midland and Scottish Air Ferries. With the Prince of Wales and with Lord Londonderry and his family, they certainly advertise the advantages of air travel by their example to everyone in the country.

Captain E. W. Percival, the designer-pilot, who is to fly his own machine, the "Mew Gull," entered by Prince George for the King's Cup Race in July. The top speed of this machine on test was 200 miles an hour

Flying Without Wings

THIS is not a statement of fact—merely the record of an illusion created by the passage of an Autogiro overhead. Its wing revolves, creating almost as much lift as a fixed surface anchored to the cabin of a normal type aircraft. The Autogiro has outlived its experimental stage with complete success, and is now taking its place as a competitor of the orthodox light-aeroplane for certain specific duties. In time, the true helicopter will compete with the Autogiro, outpacing it in climb and forward speed, by which time we shall be ready to accept roof-top aerodromes and hangars in the garden. Avro's, of Manchester, are building the Autogiro under licence, some for the Government and others for private sale. The Hon. Ernest Guinness, Bata's (the boot and shoe kings of Czechoslovakia), John Sword, managing director of Midland and Scottish Air Ferries, are a few of the buyers for personal or commercial use. Henlys have ordered some for sale to customers, and other agents are educating their clients to accept the "windmill" as something quite normal. There is an Autogiro school at Hanworth, where instruction can be obtained on the latest direct-control type. What a pity it will be if Hanworth passes into the hands of mushroom builders. The club-house and its surroundings are easily the finest in England, if not in Europe, and, due to the shortage of aerodromes near London, it is still hoped that someone will buy the white elephant that was N.F.S.

Racing Develops the Breed

THIS is more true of aircraft than of any other steed. The fastest race in the world to date has been that for the Schneider Trophy, won outright by this country after three successive firsts. The development of the Rolls-Royce engine, which is fitted to our fastest fighting 'planes, can be traced to rivalry for the honour of winning the Trophy. A prize has been offered for international competition which competes with Schneider's in the interest created—the MacRobertson Trophy, carrying with it substantial cash awards. This race is for land aircraft, and the course, half-way across the world, from England to Australia. At the time of going to press, entries are not complete, but competition is likely to be truly international in character, with aircraft from France, Italy, Holland and the U.S.A. flying against our own de H. "Comets" and the Airspeed twin "Courier." The annual race for the King's Cup, which is confined to British entrants, aircraft and pilots, is to be flown from Hatfield on July 13th and 14th. There are thirty-eight entries to date. Edgar Percival's "Mew Gull," entered by Prince George, is to be fitted with a Gipsy Six. The Comper "Streak," entered by Lady Wakefield, the "Courier" with a Napier "Rapier," by Air Vice-Marshal "Biffy" Borton, and several monospars, are other fast types that will be watched carefully by the handicappers and the bookies.

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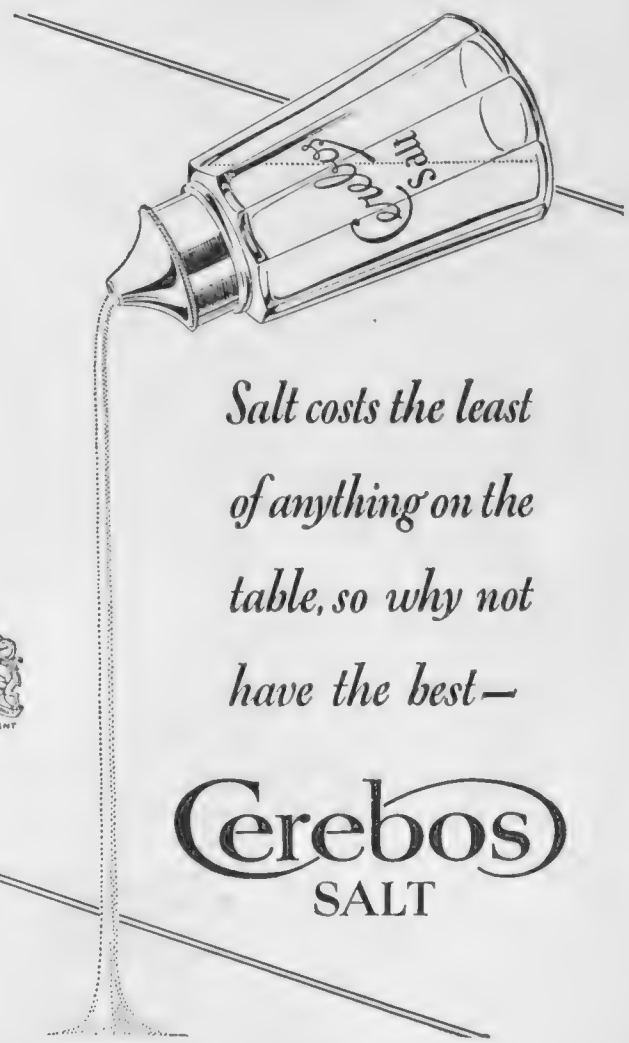

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One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You 'll take a new interest in life. You 'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you 'll be more eager for work and play. You 'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you 'll be internally clean.

If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist's and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

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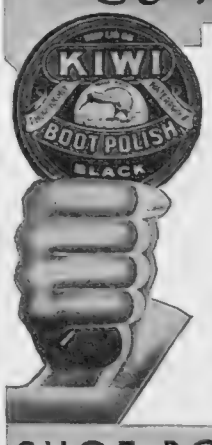

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The Editor's Box

Train Cruising in June

With a new itinerary which covers 2000 miles of travel through some of the most beautiful and picturesque parts of this country, four train cruises, each limited to sixty people, are being prepared to start on their "voyages" in five weeks' time, taking advantage of the longer daylight hours in the Scottish Highlands in June. A special train which is to be employed for these cruises consists entirely of first-class carriages and first-class sleeping-cars, weighing 500 tons altogether.

The alleged reappearance of the Loch Ness "monster" has caused the London and North Eastern Railway to alter the itinerary of their cruising train. A special motor tour of the Loch will be made, covering the lair of the "monster."

The number of travellers is limited so that a window seat is booked for each passenger and a numbered and reserved seat in the restaurant-carriage is to be allotted, in addition to an exclusive bedroom, equipped with hot and cold running water, large mirrors, electric fan, heater, and reading-lamp. Public rooms on the train will include lounge saloon, buffet, ladies' retiring-room and hair-dressing saloon; and there will also be shower-bath compartments and a "wardrobe" coach, where passengers' luggage will be kept separate and readily accessible throughout the cruise.

Newspapers, stamps, cigarettes, tobacco, and toilet requisites will be sold on board, and stewards and stewardesses will be available throughout the tour to attend to passengers' needs. The cruise train will leave King's Cross for its first 1934 voyage on Friday evening, June 1st, subsequent departures being on the 8th, 22nd, and 29th.

Rest, Perfect Rest!

The Windmill Girls take full advantage of the new Li-Lo Sports Air-Bed for resting between shows at the Windmill Theatre

The country to be visited includes Harrogate, Ripon, and the Yorkshire Moors, Penrith, Keswick, and the Lakes; Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Deeside, Loch Lomond, Mallaig, and the Western Highlands; the Clyde and the Kyles of Bute. Seven motor-coach tours and two steamship trips are included in the week's itinerary. The cost per passenger, including all meals, early-morning tea, first-class accommodation, and all "shore" excursions, will be £20; a number of berths have already been booked, but there are still vacancies for each date.

Missions to Seamen

A concert arranged by the London Harbour Lights Guild, on behalf of the Missions to Seamen, will be held at 4, Seamore Place, W.1, on June 5th at 5.30 p.m., by kind permission of Jean, Countess of Inchcape. Her Royal Highness, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, has graciously promised to be present. The following artists have consented to appear: Antonio Brosa, Helen Henschel, Harriet Cohen, Joseph Hislop, and Ivor Newton at the piano.

The Bystander, June 5

Postage Rates:

Inland 1½d. Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Foreign 3d.

Publishing Office: The Bystander, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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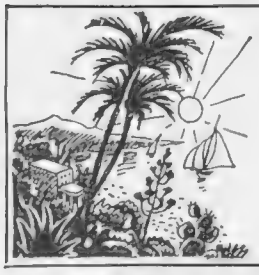

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What's On

"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

BIOGRAPHY.—Behrman's highbrow comedy is played with speed, intelligence, and humour by Ina Claire, as the fastidiously easy-living portrait-painter, and Laurence Olivier, as her intolerant young journalist friend: Globe, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—Cedric Hardwicke and Edith Evans continue to act inimitably in the play about the lost masterpiece of a dead artist: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure; Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.—Elmer Rice's breathlessly energetic play, with Hugh Miller excellent as the Counsellor, Elspeth Duxbury as his secretary, and a cast that keeps going at top pace: Piccadilly, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendoes are revived twice daily: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner, victim of Sanger egotism in Margaret Kennedy's slender comedy, imbues her part with all the vitality, variety and inimitable gaiety and pathos of her personality and art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL.—A legal play that 's as tense as most crook stuff, with Nigel Playfair and Leon M. Lion as the K.C.s, Malcolm Keen and Frances Doble: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part as the mother whose subtle philosophy works out better than the reckless foolishness or vice of her daughters, in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit, and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour in Robert Sherwood's play as acted by Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Cecil Parker, and Clive Currie: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.—Stratford-on-Avon. Nightly at 8, matinées, Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Antoinette Cellier) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Owen Nares); Muriel Aked and Helen Haye are in the cast: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in Dodie Smith's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE.—The revival of Granville Barker's fine play, with Felix Aylmer, Maurice Evans, Joyce Bland, Beatrix Thomson, runs for one week more: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and lighthearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play; Pierre Fresnay takes the part of the elderly Duke; perfect décor and dresses: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GOLDEN TOY.—Ludwig Berger's Arabian Night, with Peggy Ashcroft, Ion Swinley, Ernest Thesiger, Nellie Wallace: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

HAPPY WEEK-END.—Magda Kun, Hungarian comédienne, makes her first appearance in London, with Steve Geray, Claude Allister and Louise Brown: Duke of York's, 8.15.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PICCOLI.—Podrecca's famous marionettes: Scala, 8.30.

THE QUAKER GIRL.—Another old favourite that revives well; gay and tuneful; Lorna Hubbard as the Girl, Eric Fawcett as her tempter: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE SISTERS.—A sentimentally spectacular musical comedy, with Charlotte Greenwood, Adèle Dixon, and Victoria Hopper as the sisters: Eliot Makeham, Stanley Holloway, and Albert Burdon as the leading men; and some real geese: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—Nelson Keys, Florence Desmond, and the Diamond Brothers are the high-lights of this star-ish revue: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

DOUBLE FAULT.—Comedy in the tennis world, by Vernon Woodhouse and Harold Simpson, with Barry Jones, Morris Harvey, Mabel Russell, Diana Beaumont: Shilling Theatre, Fulham.

KING OF THE DAMNED.—Melodrama from "real life," with Marjorie Mars and Gyles Isham: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmond Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—Dorothy Dickson, John Tilley and Edwin Styles in John Carlton's humorous play: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.—The New York success comes to London, with Peggy Conklin, Dennis Moore and Tonie Selwart: a gay and impertinent costume-play: Vaudeville, 8.30.

THE RED DOMINO.—All about the mystery of the Russian Crown Jewels, with Ann Bennett, Muriel White, Vincent Lawson: Kingsway, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee has now taken Robert Douglas's part: Phœnix, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Claire Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30.

First Nights

PRECIPICE.—A story of ballet-dancers, with Anton Dolin and Brigitta, Isobel Elsom and Francis Sullivan: Savoy, to-night.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—A play by Reginald Simpson and Frank Gregory, with Godfrey Tearle as an unorthodox doctor: Strand, June 7th.

HELLO, AGAIN!—Ralph Lynn returns to London in an American success, as a Middle-West lecturer, Mary Glynne as his admirer: Shaftesbury, June 11th.

OPERA

COVENT GARDEN.—*Otello*, with Lauritz Melchior, Beecham conducting, June 5th; *Turandot*, June 6th, and *La Bohème*, June 7th, conducted by Gino Marinuzzi; *Otello*, June 8th; *Turandot*, June 11th.

MOZART FESTIVAL.—*Figaro* and *Così Fan Tutte*, directed by Fritz Busch and Hans Oppenheim: Glyndebourne Opera House, Sussex, till June 9th.

CINEMAS

DOUBLE DOOR.—Film version of the Grand Guignolesque play, with Mary Morris, Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor, Sir Guy Standing: Plaza.

EVERGREEN.—Jessie Matthews has her own part in the film version of C. B. Cochran's revue, with Sonnie Hale playing opposite: New Gallery, from June 7th.

FLYING DOWN TO RIO.—Dolores del Rio, Gene Raymond, Fred Astaire, aeroplanes, music, dancing, girls and more girls: Regal.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss in his finest part. This is Hollywood's answer to *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*: Tivoli.

LET 'S FALL IN LOVE.—Ann Sothern and Miriam Jordan make certain that Edmund Lowe does some falling: New Gallery, till June 7th.

MAN OF ARAN.—Robert Flaherty's epic of the Western Islands of Ireland, with a cast of islanders: Marble Arch Pavilion.

PÊCHEUR D'ISLANDE.—A beautifully photographed and acted film of Pierre Loti's story of the Breton fishing people: Academy.

ROMAN SCANDALS.—Eddie Cantor's new riot of nonsense, aided by Ruth Etting, Gloria Stuart, and lots of girls: Leicester Square Theatre.

SCARLET EMPRESS.—Marlene Dietrich appears, an interesting contrast to the Bergner, as Catherine of Russia: Carlton.

THE VERY HONOURABLE GUY.—With Joe E. Brown and Alice White, and *Registered Nurse*, starring Bébé Daniels: Capitol.

TWO HEARTS IN WALTZ-TIME.—With Carl Brisson and Frances Day. And *Wings Over Everest:* Curzon.

MUSIC

Choral

HIAWATHA.—The Royal Choral Society and full symphony orchestra, conducted by Albert Coates, in T. C. Fairbairn's dramatised version of Coleridge-Taylor's great work: Albert Hall, from June 11th.

Recitals

WACLAW NIEMCZYK.—Violin recital: Grotrian Hall, June 5th, 8.30.

FRANK BRITTON.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, May 5th, 8.30.

VIOLA LYTTELTON.—With thirty members of the L.S.O., and W. H. Reed conducting: Æolian Hall, May 6th, 8.30.

CHALIAPINE.—His only recital this season: Queen's Hall, June 7th, 8.30.

ETIENNE AMYOT.—Piano recital; a Brahms, Handel, Haydn programme: Æolian Hall, June 7th, 8.30.

CARL TILLIUS.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, June 7th, 8.30.

RUZENA HERLINGER.—Song recital: Wigmore Hall, June 8th, 8.30.

MOISEIWITSCH.—Brahms recital: Wigmore Hall, June 9th, 3.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Burlington House.

SOCIETY OF WOMEN ARTISTS: Royal Institute Galleries, from June 6th.

PAGEANT OF RUNNYMEDE.—Five thousand performers, commanded by Gwen Lally, pageant master, act England's history from A.D. 44 to 1816: Runnymede, June 9th—16th, 2.30 and 7.30.

ROYAL COUNTIES AGRICULTURAL SHOW: Salisbury, June 6th—9th.

IRIS SOCIETY'S SHOW: Agricultural Hall, June 7th—8th.

RODEO: White City, from June 9th.

SPORT

CRICKET.—England v. The Rest, last day of match: Oval, to-day.

England v. Australia, first Test Match: Nottingham, June 8th, 9th, 11th, 12th.

TENNIS.—Northern Tournament, Liverpool: To June 9th.

St. George's Hill: To June 9th.

Beckenham: From June 11th.

POLO.—Sutton-Smith Cup Final: Roehampton, June 9th.

Ranelagh Open Challenge Cup: Ranelagh, June 9th.

Hurlingham League Match: Hurlingham, June 9th.

RACING.—Epsom Summer Meeting: Derby, June 6th; Coronation Cup, June 7th; Oaks, June 8th.

Kempton Summer Meeting: June 9th.

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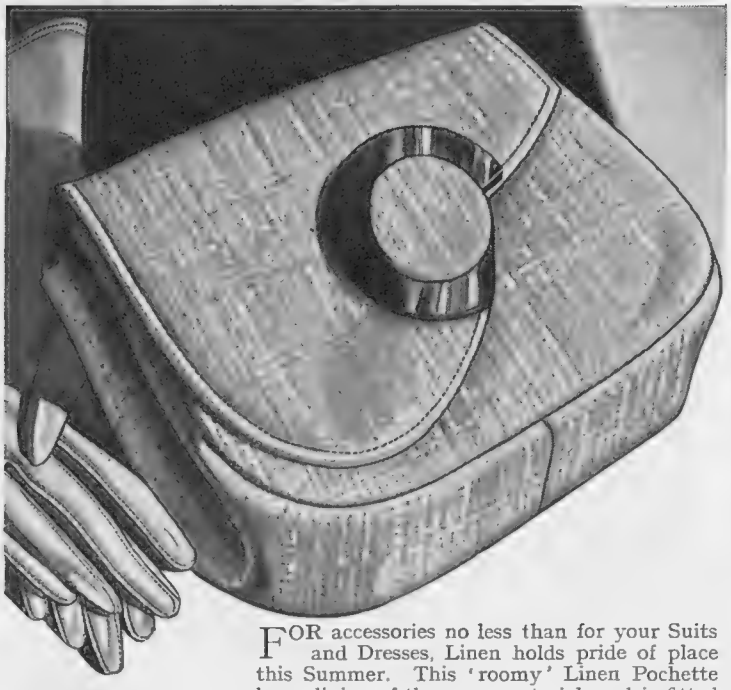

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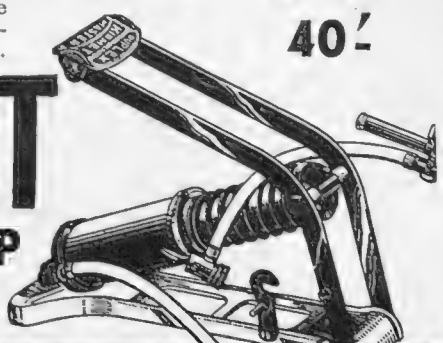

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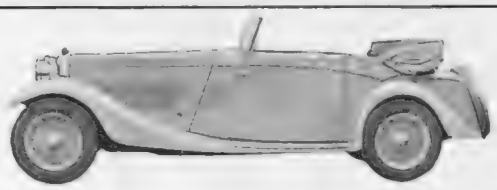

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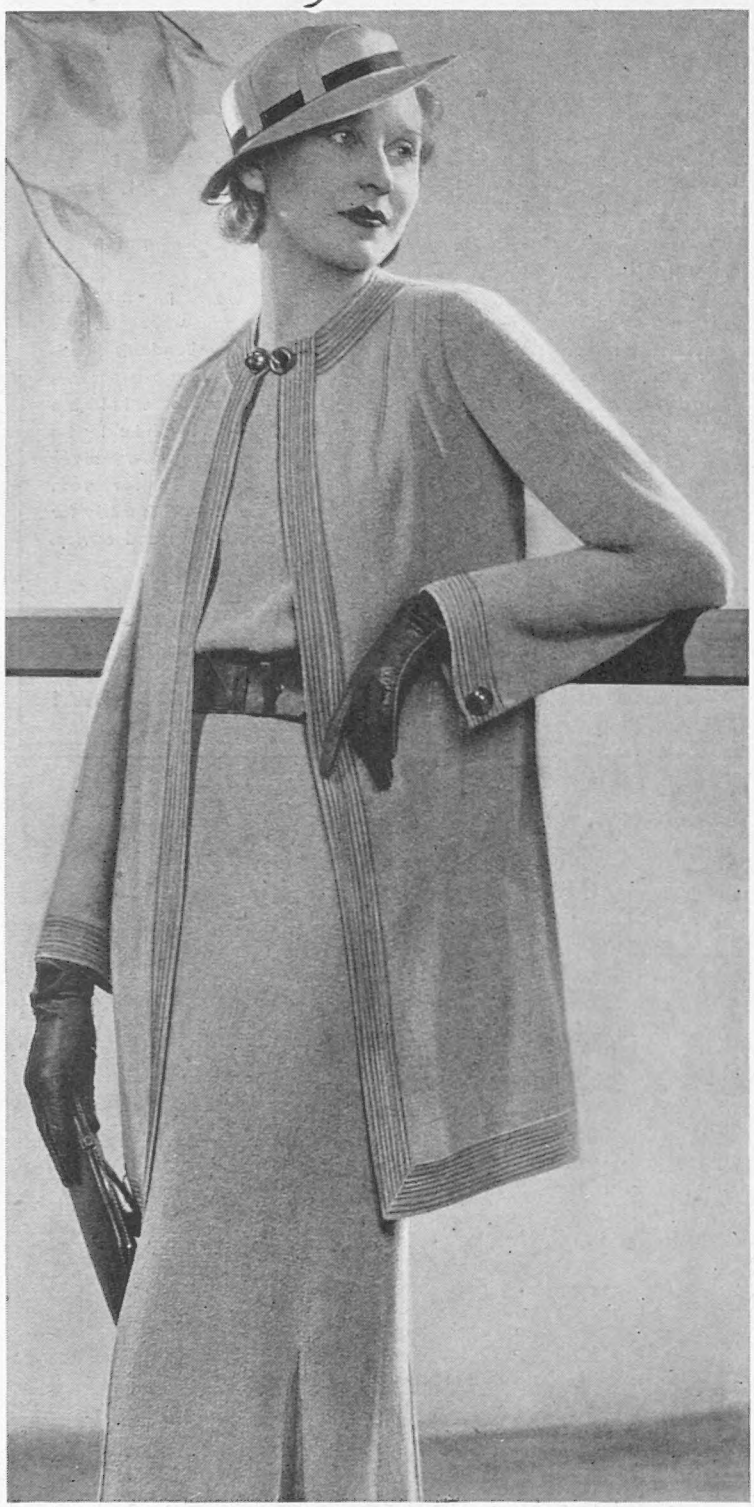

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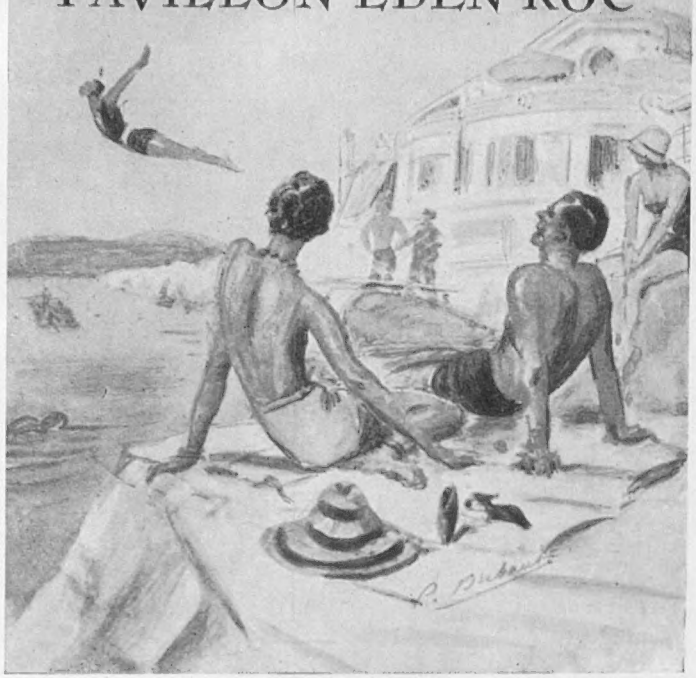

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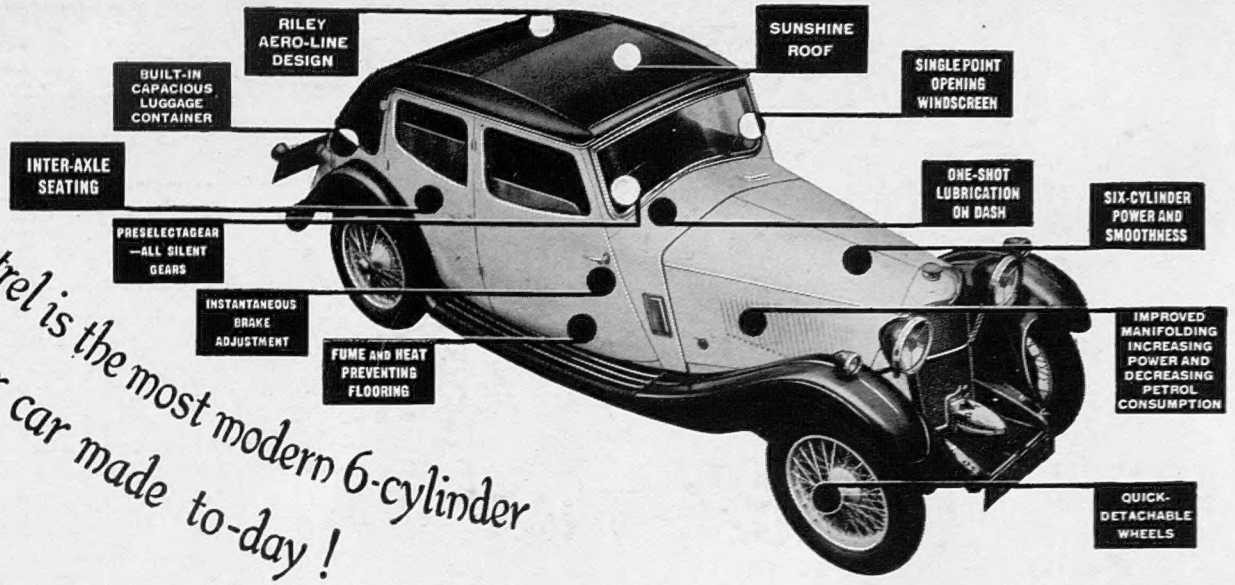

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